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View of the Lawn

St. John Cardinal Fisher

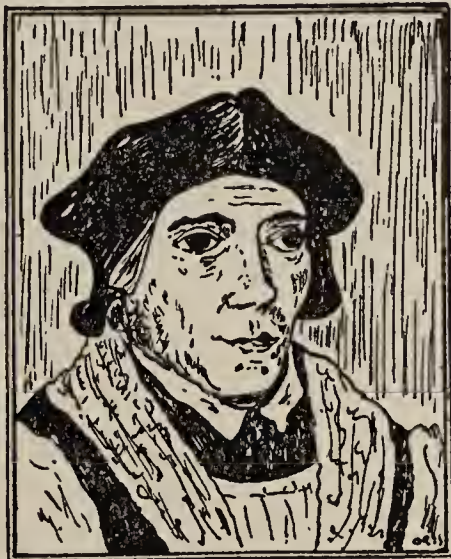
● By Joseph Grevenkamp '36

IN the chancel before the altar in the chapel of St. Peter in Chains, the larger of the two chapels in the hoary old London Tower, lie the remains of one of the really great men in English history, St. John Cardinal Fisher. The old Tower itself is strongly redolent with the odor of that iron-fisted ruler, William the Conqueror, a king, in many ways good, in more ways rough. King William, however, had nothing to do with the burial of the saintly Cardinal in this chapel, for he preceded the Cardinal in life by more than four hundred years. By building the Tower, he, of course, provided a place of honorable entombment for the Cardinal, who in time came to be both a saint and a martyr. How this double crown of glory was won is interesting to contemplate.

The Early Life of the Cardinal

Born in 1469 of parents living in moderate circumstances, John Fisher spent the days of his youth in Beverley, Yorkshire, England. It appears from the account of his life

that as a boy, Fisher was rather serious-minded; the ordinary pranks incident to boyhood and youth evidently found no place in his early life as none of them are recorded concerning him. That he was inclined to be studious is attested to by his great learning in after years, for he took the highest degrees which the renowned University of Cambridge could offer.



His scholarship is proved, furthermore, by his being chosen tutor to the royal princes of the rising Tudor House and by his being elected Chancellor of Cambridge, an office which finally was bestowed upon him for life. He advanced to the priesthood in which he

signalized himself by preaching powerful and interesting sermons. His reputation in this respect rose to such heights that he was requested to deliver the funeral oration at royal obsequies and at the burial of nobles. Those who heard his sermons on these and on other occasions felt that a living, spiritual message had come to them. His brilliant scholarship and his masterful eloquence singled him out for

ecclesiastical preferment. In due time he became Bishop of Rochester.

His Work as Bishop

Having been consecrated Bishop in 1504, Fisher prosecuted his twofold duty as ordinary of his diocese and as Chancellor of Cambridge with unremitted zeal. His diocese came to be a model for all others in England, and the lofty character of studies at Cambridge was upheld against the combined opposition of many professors and students who, following the lead of Oxford, sought to introduce innovations detrimental to classical studies. The study of Greek, for instance, had incurred disrespect at Oxford, but this study was taken particularly to heart by the great Chancellor at Cambridge. He fostered interest in that and in other disliked, but important classical courses, and took pains to secure the services of the wise Erasmus as lecturer on the value of these particular classical studies. As a result of his tireless energy in fostering scholarship, his university, Cambridge, began to overshadow Oxford in learning.

Knowledge of his highly virtuous life and of his brilliant career as Bishop reached Rome where the Fifth Lateran Council was in session. Accordingly he was invited to attend the sessions of this Council, but the matter was at first deferred and later abandoned altogether for reasons not given. Meanwhile he vigorously combated the spread of heresies which had their roots in the work of the apostate priest,

Martin Luther. In union with other ecclesiastics he labored diligently to introduce reforms in religious and secular life in order to undercut the wild teachings of irresponsible reformers who were busy in carrying their erroneous doctrines over all of Europe. He had no idea at the time that the enemy of all true religion and of all peace among men, heresy, would spring up in his own dear England and would at first endanger and then would finally take his life.

In Opposition to Henry VIII

The smooth course of affairs was suddenly disturbed in ecclesiastical and governmental circles in England by the report that the King, Henry VIII, demanded a divorce from his splendid Queen, Catherine of Aragon. As one of the most learned divines of his time, Bishop Fisher was drawn into the fierce discussion aroused by the case. Upon considering the question of the demanded divorce with the utmost pains and thoroughness, he boldly declared that there were no grounds for divorce between the royal pair, Henry and Catherine, and "that he was ready to be beheaded like St. John the Baptist in defense of the indissolubility and the sanctity of the marriage vow." King Henry was maddened to the point of rage when he met with the stone-like opposition to his immoral schemes on the part of the profoundly esteemed Bishop of Rochester. In order to intimidate the clergy and give them a foretaste of his menacing

fury, King Henry, through flatterers and characterless officials in his government, began to infringe on recognized rights of the Church. Bishop Fisher sternly denounced this procedure, and by so doing, incurred not only the royal displeasure but also the more dangerous royal hatred. Being straightforward and upright in his personal, well-grounded opinions, the great Bishop did not suspect that others with whom he labored as a member of parliament were base enough to devise plots and pitfalls against him. He should have remembered that the upright are easily tricked by rascals without a conscience.

Added to the plots devised against Bishop Fisher by government officials obsequious to the royal will was King Henry's own shameless dissimulation. Pretending to be satisfied with an explanation of his stand taken in regard to the activity of the government in church affairs, King Henry invited Bishop Fisher to a conference. Though the desired explanation was given with all the logic and clearness which a learned mind could command, it did not induce the King to desist from his evil designs against the man who was the object of his royal hatred. To bring humiliation on the Bishop by imprisonment was the purpose of further snares contrived for his undoing by the King. The desired end was achieved, but with a different result than was expected. What was to bring humiliation, in fact brought esteem, and Bishop Fisher grew more determined than

ever to fight for the upholding of moral principles and for the maintaining of the rights of the Church. The imprisonment of the Bishop did not last long; even King Henry, now grown bold in iniquity because of a bad conscience, did not dare to protract the confinement beyond a few months. But release from prison only meant new trials for Bishop Fisher.

In 1531, shortly after Bishop Fisher's imprisonment had ended, King Henry VIII had definitely conceived the odd idea that he could be head of the Catholic Church in England. He wanted this position, not from any motives of piety, for he could not possibly fail to know that all his pretensions in this matter were mere sham, but what he did want more than anything else at the time was the unjustifiable divorce from his lawful wife, Queen Catherine. The Pope at Rome would not grant him this divorce, plainly because he could not; hence King Henry determined to take things in his own hands. How he could hope to justify his desired divorce by the step he was taking is outside of all reasonable explanation, but he held to his lunatic idea and presumed to be head of the Church in his own domains. To substantiate his claim, he demanded the support and acknowledgment of the clergy in his self-constituted authority. For ecclesiastics like Bishop Fisher, this presumptuous conduct of King Henry meant new trials and terrible difficulties. A convocation of the clergy in England was held. At

this convocation, King Henry sought by fines and threats of massacre to compel the clergy to accede to his wishes. Seeing that there was no way to bring the King to his senses, and endeavoring to prevent bloodshed, Bishop Fisher calmed him by saying that the clergy would comply with the royal demand "in so far as God's law permits." The phrase really meant nothing, but it satisfied King Henry, who probably was thinking more seriously of marrying a new young wife, Anne Boleyn, than about being head of any church. Briefly, afterwards he did marry Anne Boleyn without having obtained any lawful divorce from his wife, Queen Catherine. That Bishop Fisher would take a firm stand against this procedure was to be expected. He did so without mincing words, had to go to prison for it, but soon regained his freedom.

Named Cardinal Before Death

King Henry had now filled the measure of his personal iniquity to overflowing. He demanded that all his doings be accepted as valid under oath, and among these doings was his unlawful marriage to Anne Boleyn. Bishop Fisher naturally refused to take an oath that would necessarily be false in the fullest sense of its meaning. For refusing to take this oath, he was sent to prison for the last time. His confinement was made unusually severe during the fourteen months that it lasted, but he never failed in the courage of his convictions or in his

grave defence of God's law and the right of God's Church. To honor the courageous and real defender of the true faith, the Pope created him Cardinal. But Anne Boleyn could not rest as long as the stern opponent of her sham queenship and her unlawful marriage was alive. Probably to please her, more than for any other reason, the saintly prisoner, now Cardinal Fisher, was brought to trial. The only accusation advanced against him was that he had refused to acknowledge King Henry VIII to be the Supreme Head of the Church in England. For this refusal he was condemned to death by hanging, but the sentence, an unjust one in all respects, was commuted to decapitation on Tower Hill.

On June 23, 1535, the sentence of execution, which deprived England of one of its noblest men and gave the Catholic Church a great saint and martyr, was carried out. All the rudeness attending his execution and the disrespect at first shown towards his remains after death could not tarnish the glory of the martyr's crown which came to St. John Cardinal Fisher when he laid down his life for his faith. His memory has never fallen in esteem in the minds of upright and sincere men, but the memory of his persecutors, King Henry VIII and of his unlawful wife, Anne Boleyn, is covered with unending disgrace. The same dignity, courage, and manliness which characterized the life of Cardinal Fisher shone forth in his calm conduct on the scaffold at his execution and went with him

to his grave; the same knavery, wickedness, and injustice which characterized the lives of his persecutors went with them to their graves to rest as a curse on their bones.

As if it were not good to be alone, that same chancel before the altar in the Tower Chapel of St. Peter in Chains in which the body of the saint and martyr, Cardinal Fisher lies buried holds the remains of that other great English saint and martyr, Sir Thomas More, who was executed by order of King Henry VIII for the same reason and at about the same time as was Cardinal Fisher. That chancel in which these saints and martyrs lie intombed was named by Thomas Carlyle "The saddest spot in the world." Besides being the saddest spot in the world, it is likewise one of the saddest spots in all history, for it commemorates the "doing to death" by a King, turned moron, who would not brook reasonable and wise opposition of admirable and excellent

men when he chose to go on a rampage in religion, on a rampage in wild marriages, and on a rampage of wife-beheading as well. It is truly deplorable that good men, real ornaments of society and a blessing to their fellows, should be "done to death" by evil, wicked, and worthless men who are a curse to mankind. But the history of the saints shows that such has been the case in all past ages, and that the present day is no exception to this regrettable practice. Several countries across the seas, and one just south of the United States, are ruled by morons at present with the result that sad spots in the world and sad spots in history are coming to be legion in these lands where the human skunk thrives, and the righteous man must go to a martyr's grave. Yet today much is loudly said about improving human society. This improvement will be hastened only if society will erase the wretchedly black spots from the map of its civilization instead of allowing them to accumulate.



Not For Money

● By Thomas Growney '36

Dick Holmes would not have a girl marry him for his money. He meets the girl whom he desires to marry, but she also refuses to be married for her money. Dick finds himself in a dilemma.



. . . made his obeisance and strolled into the arbor.

TO THE young men and women who were busily engaged in doing nothing while strolling about the lawns at the residence of Jeanne Donleigh, nature was yielding her softest moods to make the evening enjoyable. A masquerade ball was in progress in honor of the marriage of Jeanne Donleigh's brother, an event which accounted for the mystifying and perplexing motley of costumes used to conceal the identity of the guests who had come to grace the occasion. The ball was to be a "ritzy" one; ordinarily masking was taboo. Here among the flower beds a genuine Roman centurion walked arm in arm with a real Martha Washington; there a fully armed crusader was sitting on a bench with queen Isabella, while Napoleon was dancing in the ballroom with Cleopatra. Julius Caesar was present, but for

the moment forsaken by Calpurnia, who had gone to "chew the fat" with Solyman the Magnificent. The other notable personages present on that evening were statesmen, orators, explorers, inventors, and famous queens of history. Some paired off for a dance; others lolled in chairs and on benches, content to listen to music and song.

As the strains of a particularly haunting melody faded away, a young man, dressed in racoon cap, buckskin jacket, and leather trousers, conducted to her escort a Spanish senorita, with whom he had danced several rounds, made his obeisance and strolled into the arbor. Being alone, he began to muse over the progress of the masquerade ball. Jeanne Donleigh, his cousin, had good reasons to feel happy, so he thought, because the entertainment arranged in honor of her

brother's wedding was in every respect delightful. Personally he felt glad that he had accepted Jeanne's invitation to be present, for it provided him with a chance to get rid of the attentions which certain young women back home with a view to marriage for his money were forcing upon him. This marrying for the love of money did not appeal to him. His father, Richard Holmes, a successful manufacturer, had often told him that it was vain for a man to be born fortunate if he be unfortunate in his marriage, and that marrying for love was well and good, but let it be nothing outside of love. These suggestions, he—Dick Holmes, one born to fortune—planned to observe; but where and how would he ever find the girl he loved? This thought at times made him despondent. He did not have to be told, for it was quite within his experience, that the society in which he moved was filled with lures and snares for his capture by some lassie who had her eye on his money, and who evidently thought of nothing like homemaking. This masquerade, he said to himself, is a pretty good example of the way all women are masked, and once they throw off the mask, a fellow may have long leisure to repent for permitting himself to be fooled by any one of them. These queens, represented at this ball in costume, but personally gone from life, undoubtedly were superior women, but their likes are nowhere discoverable now.

These thoughts of what the social world had been, but had long ceased to be, occupied his mind and were making him disgruntled with life, when he heard some one approach, singing in a soft feminine voice. As he saw the young lady coming nearer, he noticed that she was costumed in medieval military fashion, equipped even with sword and shield. The costume made her look stunning. "Perhaps we have a Joan of Arc here," he mused in a subdued voice in order not to frighten her. As she heard him, she stopped; the bright moonlight now showed her in full relief.

"Good evening, Joan of Arc," he ventured more boldly. "It seems your enemies have given up the pursuit, if I judge rightly."

"What, my enemies?" came the question as she noticed him. "Well, yes,—oh, yes, my enemies have given me a breathing spell. You see, I've just stepped out of history for a moment and have given my enemies the slip. But where in history are you paged? I believe I've read about the likes of you."

"No, you haven't," replied Dick Holmes, "the likes of me create history, but receive little notice for work done. I'm an explorer and have been exploring all evening only to wander off at a tangent. Now, it appears to me that the same has happened to you. Didn't Joan of Arc lead a French army? You seem to have lost not only your army, but your aide-de-camp as well. How come?"

"Oh, no, not lost; I'm just de-

served for a moment, or perhaps I've done the deserting."

"Deserted! Well, then would your honorable self care to accept a poor frontiersman as a partner for the next galop? The music is getting me uneasy. After a little, we can return to this 'chatter's roost' and talk about your military campaigns. In exchange for your stories, I'll tell of my experience with scalping Indians. Is it a go?"

"I'm afraid," she answered, "that you'll find talking about my campaigns rather boring; but it's a go. Let's dance."

At this suggestion, Dick rose and taking his newly-found partner by the arm walked with her to the ball-room. Though a spry dancer, he found that his partner could outstep him in almost every measure. There was something graceful and refined about this girl which made him feel that she was not of the ordinary kind. Instantly he made up his mind that he would learn more about her.

When the dance was over, Dick escorted his soldier maid back to the parking bench. The conversation between the two did not, however, drift to the experiences of imaginary campaigns, as they were so deeply absorbed in other thoughts that inventing heroic tales would have been unpleasant. After sitting in silence for some time, Dick felt vexed at not knowing what to say. What was uppermost in his mind he did not find courage to mention at the moment, and anything else seemed uninteresting. Presently he

thought of taking leave as graciously as possible; but he would first make sure that he would not lose trace of the masked young lady at his side. He ventured to explain:

"Well, Maid of Orleans, I intend to leave this ball before the time comes for unmasking. For reasons altogether my own, I wish to remain unknown to the crowd. But I want to be known to you. My name is Dick Holmes. Before I leave, I must ask you to allow me to see you again, and I want that to be soon. Will you trust me enough to reveal your identity?"

"You may call me Joan Orleans. Here is my home address. I'll not fear the company and won't refuse the visit of a bold explorer and frontiersman."

"I'm grateful to you," replied Dick Holmes, "but I must go now. Yonder comes the ball pageant. I don't care to consort with them. Look at Julius Caesar stepping along with that tripping Cleopatra and at that padded queen of Babylon wabbling behind them. There comes Solyman the Magnificent among the rest. I fear that guy suspects who I am. I must be going. We shall meet again; 'au revoir.'"

During the following week Dick Holmes found himself guessing endlessly who the young military maid might be. He had a date with her, but he found it long, though only a week, to wait for his planned visit. The matter kept him in a daze. Of evenings, he would walk about the house whistling and singing to him-

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self; then again he would go to his room and sit there for hours in silence. His father, wondering what ailed him, inquired about it.

"Well, Dad," said Dick without beating about the bush, "I'm afraid I'll have to admit that I met a young woman of my choice at a recent ball. I know you want me to get married; besides, I'm old enough for that venture in life. For once, I believe that I have discovered a girl who is not thinking of marrying for money. I'm not sure, of course, if she will marry me at all; but I have a date with her, and I'll try to find out particulars as soon as possible. But I don't want her to know that I have money. I must think out some plan to hide this fact from her. What do you suggest to this purpose, Dad? Let's see, perhaps this idea will work: I'll pose as a bookkeeper for the superintendent of your factory, so that I can talk about holding a job if she should ask me about the matter."

"You may have your way, son," replied Mr. Holmes. "You know that I'm opposed to money marriages, and I'm glad to see you adopt my way of thinking."

The other person who now had to be informed of his plan, as Dick supposed, was his cousin Jeanne at whose house the ball had been held. Jeanne would be sure to know the young lady, or at least he must find out whether she did. At any rate Jeanne must know that he was employed as a bookkeeper so that she might not divulge his scheme. His

fears in this direction, however, were groundless. His cousin was not sure of the identity of the young lady.

Thinking that he had made all arrangements securely to keep himself from being known as a wealthy young man, Dick proceeded to keep the scheduled date with his warrior maiden. He found her living in a splendid home and came to know her as Thelma Dyce, the daughter of a prominent politician. His first visit with her gave him a peculiar thrill, for he discovered that likely she was an heiress to greater wealth than was ever associated with the name Holmes. He hated to talk about his employment, but Thelma had a wicked way of driving at that point over and over until he had to admit that he was a bookkeeper, as he was not as yet ready to divulge his identity completely and allow that vexed question of money to arise. Thelma acknowledged the statement of his employment with a twinkle in her eye and a sly smile, but she said no more about it on that occasion.

On his way home, Dick flattered himself with the idea that he had made quite a hit; but he could not interpret the twinkle in the eye and the curious smile of Thelma when he talked about being a bookkeeper. He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind by saying to himself that he would find out later what she was thinking about at the time.

Months passed. Dick ran the number of his visits to Thelma Dyce higher as time went along and final-

ly resolved to come down to serious business. He talked about marriage and about promising happiness and undying love while placing the important question that would make him and Thelma man and wife.

To all his protestations Thelma answered with a twinkle in her eye and a sly smile. He had intended to ask her long ago what she implied by these antics, but since his courtship progressed smoothly he had forgotten to get an explanation about this annoying matter. Because she would not answer his question at once, now that he put it plainly, he broke through his embarrassment and ventured to ask:

"What is it, Thelma, that is bothering your mind? From the expression on your face and by the way you are smiling, I feel that I must presume to inquire."

"Dick Holmes," she began, "would you expect me to marry a bookkeeper? I have money, and I fear that you would marry me for money. How about it?"

This question put Dick on the spot. He was caught at his own game. It was his turn to explain. Bluntly he blurted:

"That's my way of thinking. I would not have anybody marry me for money!"

"Don't make me laugh," returned Thelma. "How could anybody think of marrying a bookkeeper for money?"

"Well, . . . well, . . .:" stammered Dick, "you see I have money. I am the proprietor in part of — —"

So, you were deceiving me,"

Thelma interrupted. "Don't go on with your explanation. I'll do the explaining for you. All this while I knew that you were Dick Holmes, the son of Richard Holmes, a more than ordinarily wealthy manufacturer. I knew it from the evening when I met you at the masquerade months ago. That fellow at the ball, dressed as Solyman the Magnificent, recognized you. He saw you with me on the parking bench. After the unmasking had taken place, he told me all about you, and, among other things, mentioned that you were a fellow who would not have a girl marry him for his money. Now I want to tell you that I am a girl who doesn't want anybody to marry her for her money. But I did no deceiving in the matter. You did. Would you expect me to marry a deceiver?"

Thelma spoke these words smilingly, but in spite of being playful in her remarks, she puzzled Dick so badly that he did not know what to answer. He stammered out some apologies for his deception that were ridiculously funny and tried to prove as best he could that his conduct in this respect had been only an innocent game. But he did admit in his puzzled talk that he was a fool and every similar thing. He tried in every way to assure Thelma that he regretted the incident and that he was not really given to the practice of deception.

"So, you're repentant?" Thelma said goodnaturedly. "If your repentance means that you'll mend

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your ways, then, well — then I'll say — yes — to your question."

Dick was so flustered at Thelma's sudden answer that in his excitement he could merely blurb, "Is it a go? Is it really a go? Let's make it snappy."

"Three months from now," suggested Thelma.

Dick could only answer with a kiss.

Three months later saw Dick and Thelma married, but not for money.

A Sentiment

by

Leslie Henrikson '37

I love the sounds of early Spring
When songs of birds through forests ring.
Oh, what a happiness they bring
To those who listen!

My heart and soul in joyful glee
Dissolve in tuneful melody
Because at length they are set free
From Winter's bondage.

I'm glad to see a kindly sky
Wherein the gentle dove may fly;
Where myriad wonders one may spy
With eyes observant.

I wish the year around were Spring,
For no three other months can bring
The joy that makes one laugh and sing,
As does this season.

Was The Dream Foolish?

● By Paul Zeller '37

THAT fabled King Midas, famed for being condemned to wear ass's ears, and that justly so, because later in his mythical existence he proved to be ass enough to desire that everything he touched should turn into gold, is a splendid example of that general craving in people to turn baser metals into the highly coveted yellow ore. Since popular cravings commonly find exponents in human society, men came on the social scene who promised to work this daring miracle at the risk of their own lives. These men were known as alchemists. One by one, as they came into public notice, they were greeted with much applause, only to pass off the stage of public notice in a storm of ridicule which sometimes ended in a terrible death by fire. But the undertaking was interesting, the job was lucrative, the tomfoolery was gorgeous; hence, for some, the wizardry of changing baser metals into gold was irresistibly attractive in spite of the dangers associated with the undertaking.

An Illustration of the Trick

Though alchemy reaches far back into human history, in fact into

the realms of fable, it never excited more curiosity and greed than during the sixteenth century of the present era. The doings of one of the most prominent in the craft at that time will serve to illustrate the nature of the work and the fate of those who hopefully sought to achieve the trick.

During the middle of that century lived a certain Marco Antonio Bragadini, who stunned people at various royal courts, as well as people in the streets, with his slight of hand at turning quicksilver into gold. Tests made on the gold which he produced showed that it was genuine in every respect. Hence, Bragadini's fame rose to such a pitch that the nobles of royal courts, where he became known, addressed him by the title "Illustrissimo" and feasted and feted him splendidly day by day. The most prominent people were his usual associates, and at night he was guarded against possible harm with all the care bestowed upon a king. Petty governments vied with one another to secure the services of this far-famed alchemist, who made enormous presents of gold coins of the highest value to his friends.

WAS THE DREAM FOOLISH?

At length one of the governments which had secured Bragadini's exclusive service put him to the work of making five thousand high-priced gold coins per month, a task to be finished within a specified number of years. Thereafter he was to make sixteen millions of these coins in one batch. Upon working this money miracle, he was to retire in luxury for the remainder of his days. This contract taxed the trick of this shrewd alchemist to the utmost. He failed, and had to fail, because tricks—and his among them—have an odious way of running into their own solutions before the eyes of the public. Only too soon it became evident that Bragadini could turn quicksilver into gold in small quantities, but large quantities bewildered his cunning. As a result his art incurred doubt; doubt in turn caused questioning; questioning aroused discussion, and discussion brought Bragadini into disgrace. His trick was discovered to be nothing better than that of other alchemists with only this difference: he had greater resources than they.

The trick consisted in using what Bragadini called a secret liquid. By mixing this mysterious liquid with quicksilver in proper proportion and then applying heat, gold was produced. It was all so simple that Bragadini expressed surprise that the discovery had not been made long before his time. It had been made, but the secret of the liquid was not generally known. The liquid, in fact was merely a gold

solution which, if brought into contact with quicksilver under heat, will harden into gold bullion. But the trouble lies in the cost of the process, it being more expensive than the resultant gold is worth. As long as Bragadini could obtain this mysterious liquid without cost to himself, or at low cost, all stood well with his experiment. How he succeeded in this transaction is not known, but it is known that the end of the liquid put an end to his fame, and he passed from the pinnacle of greatness into the shame of forgery. How and where he died is uncertain.

Alchemy Not Forgotten

The idea itself that baser metals can be changed into gold never left the field of experimental chemistry completely, and great progress in this skill might have been made before the present time if the early alchemists had been more patient in their investigations. Their love for curious and startling bits of chemical artifice, however, brought odium upon their labors with the result that they were reputed to be fakers, and that their idea was visionary. That their assumption was not nearly as foolish as was believed for many past centuries has been proved in very modern times by the process known as "atom-busting." If reports about the remarkable achievement of this process may be accepted as true, then the old dream of alchemists has a chance to step into broad day-

light as an astonishing reality.

The phenomenal feature about "atom busting" is that recognized elements have been turned into totally new elements which, if they can be fixed, are liable to prove more valuable than radium, an element vastly more expensive and more useful than gold. With this step forward in the process of changing one element into another and that into an altogether new one, the gold-producing dream of the alchemists may not be so very far from being realized. Occasionally notices in scientific magazines even assert that the feat is already accomplished, but always emphasize that the process of gold making is so prohibitive that no method thus far discovered has any practical value outside of scientific interest. Though the methods now employed to make the alchemist's dream come true are in nowise akin to fakery, yet they have not brought the chief solution of that dream—the production of gold in commercial quantities—any nearer to reality than did the old alchemists themselves. The road to the fulfillment of mythical King Midas' wish is evidently steep. Probably it is more difficult to travel that road than it is to scale the peak of Mount Everest. Once human interest has been aroused, however, centuries of time will not be able to strangle it.

Modern Attempts at Gold Wizardry

The idea has long obtained that quicksilver, better known as mercury, is rotten gold. By means of

some radioactive agency working through eons of time on the gold in the earth's crust, the rotting of gold is supposed to have taken place. Furthermore, there is a decided affinity between mercury and gold. A piece of pure gold will absorb mercury almost as quickly as a blotter will absorb ink. Yet, because of this action, there is no relation between the blotter and ink, and there may be no relation derivable from the action of gold on mercury as to their similarity in nature, but the phenomenal inter-action of these elements has always stirred up interesting speculations. In fact, so deeply interesting is this seeming relationship, that the pioneers in the gold manufacturing schemes can hardly resolve to leave mercury out of account. Hence it is that a German scientist, just a few years ago, when publishing his success in producing gold, stated that mercury was the basis of his experiment. Little has been heard of his work in later days, and that, probably because his experiment was of doubtful value. But the event demonstrates that the dream of the alchemists will not be killed.

Would it not be advantageous, however, if this gold-bug dream were killed as to the method which it has adopted to effect its splendid trick? Why always choose quicksilver as a basis of this thrilling experiment of making gold? Very recently a chemist reported that he had success in converting platinum into gold. Here was a deviation from the accepted notion that

WAS THE DREAM FOOLISH?

mercury must be the basis for this desired form of transmutation. Platinum, of course, is considered to be more valuable than gold; this experiment really implies a reversal of the process as entertained by the alchemists who always sought to convert baser metals into gold, but it is interesting to know that other elements can be changed into gold, and the experiment may well lead to a different angle of attack on this knotty problem. In this connection it is encouraging to note that by the use of high electrical voltage lighter elements are being changed into heavier ones. This process may indicate that modern alchemy will find it necessary to work up to elements with high specific gravity such as gold by a series of steps rather than by a single and direct transmutation. The process may also disclose that among the baser metals convertible into gold, mercury is not the only one, if, indeed, it will enter into the scheme at all. To say as much is surely a venturesome opinion, for the "mercury-into-gold" process has so firmly intrenched itself in the minds of every species of alchemy

that to question this favorite trick is next to scientific heresy. Yet, opinions of whatever sort will not halt the search for the Midas touch which will make gold as plentiful as grass in the fields.

As an interesting matter for reflection, one might ask what will happen to society if gold will become the product of manufacturing instead of mining? Certainly, if the manufacturing of gold proves as difficult as mining it, there will hardly be a noticeable difference in the social arrangement of affairs. But there is this peculiarity about all manufacturing processes: they tend to simplify their methods and increase the volume of their output. If this should happen, then standards of value in social projects would necessarily change, and civilized peoples of today would find no better use for gold than did the Incas of Peru in South America, who used it for such base purposes as hammers, pins, and nails. Fears, however, need not be entertained that this condition will materialize to vex the present or the immediately future generations of mankind.





The Robin

by

Lawrence H. Mertes '36

A glint of color on the grass
Where Winter's snows so long held fast
Foretells that Spring is drawing near,
The happiest season of the year.

A liquid note at Evening's rest
Is shaken from a russet breast
And rings throughout a mellow sky
From yonder perch on branches high.

The sweetest bird that may be seen
Is Robin Red-breast on the green,
The welcomed darling of fair Spring,
Whose songs with pleasant music ring.

I seek thee, Robin, when I rove
In garden, glade, or in the grove;
Thou makest vocal every vale;
To thee I speak a hearty hail.

Hush not thy song when dull-eyed night
Begins to blink in fading light;
But sing to every glowing star
A serenade from fields afar.

O happy Robin, quite care-free!
My heart would love to be like thee;
For thee, my heart is ever kind —
The best that in this world you'll find.

Songs Among the Mountains

● By Richard J. Trame '36

THE singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" again lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of one of the most vibrant and stirring musicals of our time — "Rose Marie." This love story, so popular in light opera, is now immortalized on the screen with settings so glorious that no theater could match them.

The names of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy have never been linked in a more satisfying screen vehicle than is this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new production. The entire picture is one of extreme beauty and charm produced by their gorgeous voices. They sing the lovely Friml score and the new Stothart music, which has been added to the original operetta, with fervor and skilled musicianship. Their voices, separately and together, spur the audience into hearty applause or warm tears at the close of every number. When they sing of love the very heavens seem to answer! When their glorious voices blend in their haunting love-call the very wilderness throbs!

The whole production is one of

those perfect blendings of story, cast, director, music and background, sheer delight to eye and ear, satisfying even the most exacting demands for fine entertainment. It is one of the outstanding musicals of this or any season and it will be a very difficult one to surpass. The book by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II has been expertly recut, trimmed in some spots elaborated in others, and brought refreshingly up to date by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Alice Duer Miller. They have polished the dialogue until it sparkles brightly and have arranged the story with just the correct mixture of comedy and pathos to make it universally appealing.

The cinema opens with the lovely "Waltz Song" from "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Mac Donald never has been in better voice and as Marie De Flor, a temperamental operatic star, she sings the role of Juliet before an enthralled audience in the Montreal Opera House. Jeanette is here given a chance to prove that she can sing Gounod's lovely arias with the best of the prima donnas. You'll love this operatic selection as rendered by Miss Mac Donald and

Allan Jones (Romeo)—the boy who had us all on our toes when he sang "Alone" with Kitty Carlisle in "A Night at the Opera."

The quick transition of Marie De Flor, the famous diva, to a joyous, light-hearted girl is convincingly handled as Miss Mac Donald swings into the catchy song "Pardon Me, Madame," for the sole purpose of gaining the friendship of the Premier (Alan Mowbray). Here we learn from Boniface (George Regas), a rascally Canadian guide, that Marie's brother is a fugitive from justice and is hiding in the North Woods.

In her love for this unfortunate, wayward brother, Marie decides to interrupt her brilliant career and go to his assistance. Effectively directed is the contrasting of the sophisticated opera scenes with those of the primitive background. There is real warmth and humor in Miss Mac Donald's portrayal of the simple Rose Marie. When her treacherous guide steals her money and escapes into the mountains, she gamely endeavors to earn her dinner by singing in a saloon. Real laugh-provoking humor is here seen when Marie pits her operatic voice against the crude appeal of Belle (Gilda Gray).

Nelson Eddy makes an effective entrance on the screen leading a male chorus of three hundred Canadian Mounties galloping boot to boot. He wears the uniform of the Mounties with distinction and is truly charming in the role of Sergeant Bruce.

While Miss Mac Donald is so courageously endeavoring to earn a meal, Sergeant Bruce enters the saloon and soon makes her acquaintance. Against a truly romantic background of lakes, mountains, and trees, Nelson Eddy raises his masculine tenor voice in the song "Rose Marie, I Love You." His rendition of this rhapsodical aria merits loud and spontaneous applause.

The cinema's reproduction of the spectacular "Totem Pole Ballet" is alluringly presented. Under the masterly direction of Chester Hale, one-hundred sparsely dressed native Indian maidens and warriors dance in thrilling tribal maneuvers. While watching this autumn corn festival, Miss Mac Donald sights her treacherous guide and by clever threats forces him to resume his task of leading her through the North Woods to her fugitive brother.

Even though under the close watch of Sergeant Bruce, Jeanette escapes with her Canadian guide, Nelson Eddy, being detailed to capture John Flower (James Stewart), cunningly follows the incognito diva, because he knows that she is going to her criminal brother. After a few days' journey Boniface again leaves his charge behind, but Nelson Eddy being near saves her from drowning in a rapid mountain stream. Together they continue their journey up into the wild North Woods. The gorgeous Canadian scenery, magnificently photographed, plus the virile tenor voice of Nelson Eddy soon has Miss Mac Donald thoroughly and deeply in love. The

SONGS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

scene featuring the duet singing of the exquisite "Indian Love Call" is quite as thrilling and convincing as any scene from "Naughty Marietta." As the words of this melodic song echo through the majestic mountains, these two lyrists pledge their undying love to one another.

Soon they part, but not for long, because the dutiful "Mountie" follows Marie De Flor to her fugitive brother. Then ensues the most pathetic and melodramatic scene of the production as Nelson Eddy, in the exercise of his sworn duty, returns his loved one's brother to prison. As captor and captive quietly ride through the woods, the pleading notes of the "Indian Love Call" come from the tearful voice of Jeanette Mac Donald. The audience cannot fail to be moved by the sincerity of the acting. The stricken heart of a woman calling hopelessly to her beloved could not be portrayed in a more convincing manner than this scene shows. They were sweethearts, but duty kept them apart.

Broken-hearted, Marie De Flor returns to the stage and amidst labor and song tries to smother the love that flames within her. While she is singing "He Asked Thy Life or My Love" from Puccini's "La Tosca," she seems to hear the echoes of the "Indian Love Call." She tries to fight off this haunting mem-

ory, but while singing her part, faints to the floor. After that she again quits the stage and goes into the mountains to pine away and dream dreams that are sweet even amidst the tears. Her manager, Myerson (Reginald Owen), learns the source of trouble and brings Sergeant Bruce back into her hungry arms. Again they raise their mellow voices in loving song and the picture ends as the closing words of the "Indian Love Call" fade into a tender kiss.

"Rose Marie" is a perfect alloy of story, direction, music and enchanting scenery. W. S. Van Dyke directed the production with consummate skill and turned the slightly immature plot into a story that is alive with human interest and appeal. The picture is distinguished by the marvelous voices and the excellent acting of Jeanette Mac Donald and Nelson Eddy and the work of a notable cast, the indescribably beautiful mountain scenery and the exquisite music of the "Indian Love Call," "Rose Marie" and excerpts from the operas, "Romeo and Juliet" and "La Tosca." Especially good are the characterizations of Reginald Owen as the diva's manager, George Regas as a rascally Canadian guide, and Una O'Connor as a maid. This sympathetic blending of all material should make "Rose Marie" an outstanding cinema of 1936.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

My Book

by

William Stack '36

A volume bursting with the thoughts
Of great, ingenious minds
Lies in my hand, as friendship's pawn,
The best of all its kinds.

This volume's heart is not o'er-charged
With feelings that run wild,
Nor fails when service must be done
Which other friends reviled.

By what it says, I will be led
Where duties ever throng;
These in my soul it will condense
To will and purpose strong.

It tells what in ten thousand years
Mankind has always craved;
And teaches that without control
Man surely is enslaved.

Again it weighs on balanced scales
The thoughts, the words, the deeds
That flowed in luxury or in woe,
As fickle fortune speeds.

In gleams of joy, in clouds of doubt,
Its precepts come and go;
In feeling, mood, and form of thought
Its accents ebb and flow.

I grasp its strength and make it mine,
From it I'll never part;
Its lines I'll con all o'er and o'er
And hold them well by heart.

And when my book is growing old,
Its mellow leaves I'll prize,
And treasure all the rules it gave
To make me worldly wise.

In memory then I'll walk with those
Who trod with boldness shod,
And showed that in their lives they knew
The love and power of God.

The Father of French Comedy

● By Aurele Durocher '36

AT THE close of a matinee, the grandly carved folding doors of the smaller theater hall in the great Tuileries Palace in the city of Paris swung open, and through them billowed a wave of powdered wigs, silk top coats, and curiously fashioned silk and satin dresses. The scent of enticing perfume hovered lingeringly in the air above the moving crowd. Soon appeared one whose wig was easily discernible above all others, whose velvet robe was splashed with gold and brocade and yards of shimmering lace, whose fancy shoes were decorated with glittering buckles. It was "Le Grand Monarque," Louis XIV. In the glory of this royal autocrat, the crowd of richly bedecked courtiers fawned, flattered, and milled about like humble satellites heartily glad to draw a smile or smirk from his adorable majesty. One in the crowd whose wrinkled features showed the havoc of age made bold to remark:

"Ah, your most high Majesty, what is your royal mind concerning the great play you have just witnessed? Surely the like of it has never before been seen in Paris. My humble self ventures timidly to

suggest to your most noble Majesty that our Pierre Corneille had better worry about his laurels. In the chief actor, your Majesty has just seen a rising genius of the stage. Ah, what is his name—Moliere, that is it! I desire to suggest that your august patronage will not be misplaced if it goes to Monsieur Moliere."

At these insinuating remarks of the aging courtier, "Le Grand Monarque," Louis, grinned and nodded quizzically. He would not be stampeded into giving criticisms, favorable or unfavorable, about anything literary, or into bestowing royal patronage, however well deserved. To do the thing that nobody expected him to do was mainly his aim. With regal step he marched along among his fawners and flatterers, grinned, smirked, smiled, nodded, but carefully maintained his sphinx-like silence. With his favorites he had just attended the performance of "Les Precieuses Ridicules," a one-act satire on women with literary pretensions. Moliere, an aspiring young dramatist, as yet unknown to Louis, was the author of the play. The little satire made its author conspicuous among the

dramatists of his time. What had always been considered as farce and claptrap on the French stage now rose to a literary level under the guiding hand of Moliere. He emerged from the presentation of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" covered with fame. He was received in audience by Louis who extended the coveted royal patronage to him. Under the aegis of this pompous monarch, Moliere could devote himself without worry to his favorite profession.

The Beginning of His Career

Jean Baptist Poquelin, the real name of Moliere, was to succeed his father in the position of "valet tapissier du roi." It was with evident dislike that he took up this work at the urgent request of his father. It offered no outlet for his restless talent. He had caught a glimpse of the brilliant French stage, and forever afterwards he regarded his employment as drab and cheerless when compared to the glory of the footlights. While he was uncertain about his future, an accident, that kind helper in many a dilemma, gradually pointed out to him the road to success. By mere chance he discovered that his young friends enjoyed his ability at portraying bits of life in dramatic fashion for their amusement. In answer to their encouragement, Moliere endeavored to excite even greater applause in his casual audiences and presently came to feel that his ability might be put to better purpose. An itinerant group of players called

"L'Illustre Theatre," made a few hits on the streets of Paris. Moliere witnessed these exhibitions and saw that he could take any part in these performances with the same success as that achieved by the actors themselves. He made up his mind in a hurry and in spite of the vehement protest of his parents was off with the "L'Illustre Theatre."

Very soon Moliere, finding that the group he had joined did not appeal to his taste, discovered his life's profession. He would have his own group. With his idea now clearly defined before him, he organized a theatrical company of his own and with it plied between small towns. He acted personally in his plays, did much writing, and sought in the meanwhile to learn all he could about the humorous side of life. He was really training himself in his own school, and this training, though severe, rewarded him in later years with deathless fame. From the street corner and from the dingy little theater with its smoky torches, he was suddenly transferred to the hall of a thousand candles.

His Greater Success

While Moliere was barnstorming about the country during what seemed to him endless years, the royal stage in Paris located in the magnificent Tuileries Palace was held by Pierre Corneille and his rival, Jean Racine. Outstanding dramatists as these men were, yet they supplied the stage mostly with heavy tragedies that were palling on the feelings of the audience and

were coming to be unbearably monotonous. In the words of Madame Sevigne the condition of the stage at the time is well described. She says, "she yielded to the pathos of one of the tragedies six reluctant tears."

To relieve this trying situation in the theatre, Moliere came with a barrel full of fun. After the usual formalities had been persolved incident to obtaining permission to enter the grand Tuileries for the purpose of staging a theatrical production, he proceeded with the experiment that would make or break him in the esteem of the court of "Le Grand Monarque." His success was so phenomenal that at the close of the trifling satire, "Les Precieuses Ridicules," he tumbled about in joy like a romping child. Literary talent of the highest rank in France congratulated him on the presentation of a play that was both splendidly literary and screamingly amusing. On the spot he knew that he had won his spurs; the door of fame which had been barred against him for many years swung open and gave him a look at future and lasting greatness. The one thing for him to do, as he clearly understood, was to squelch the noisy voice of criticism—the voice that lurked as his only enemy along the road to lasting royal favor. Criticism had turned Pierre Corneille's pen from attempts at comedy to tragedy, though his "La Veuve" and "Le Menteur" are really creditable flashes of humor and fun. Knowing that he had nothing of the tragedian in

himself, Moliere felt that he must supply stage productions that from a standpoint of language, technique, and amusement would stop the mouth of adverse criticism. To do as much was not an easy task, for the high-brows of the French court enjoyed displaying their keen wits in tearing every play into bits. They could not be blamed for this attitude towards playwrights and plays; it was the only amusement left to them because of the monotony which had settled on the stage. Drown the monotony, thought Moliere, and destructive criticism will drown with it.

To win a reputation may be easy; to maintain it is difficult. But Moliere entertained no doubts that he could match the difficulty which future contingencies would throw into his way. In the glorious aftermath of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" he produced a succession of comedies which reached their climax in "Le Misanthrope." The ever increasing brilliancy in his series of plays gave him a popularity which was unsurpassed in his own day, and in later times placed him on a par with Shakespeare in delineating and in creating humorous situations in comedies. He has even this superior credit on his side that he is mostly original in his plots, while Shakespeare is not. Furthermore, he could act parts in his plays with the same naturalness as was usual with Shakespeare. People who witnessed the plays and acting of both testify to this fact. In variety of plays, Moliere, of course, could not equal

Shakespeare, but it is a highly prized distinction to deserve comparison with the great bard of Avon in even some respects.

Reversal in His Fortune

As was said, Moliere strove to stay clear of derogatory criticism, but his repeated successes emboldened him to carry his satire to extremes as he did in "Tartuffe." People are always ready to witness an exhibition of the droll side of human life, but they will resent being charged with hypocrisy. This fault, moreover, belongs largely to the tragic side of life. It is generally regarded with aversion, and by its nature is not provocative of laughter and merriment. Moliere failed to take this fact into consideration when in "Tartuffe" he brought out a keen arraignment of hypocrisy in both religious and social practices. In consequence the theater was closed against him and the royal favor was withdrawn. By this play, furthermore, he opened the flood-gates of furious criticism, just the thing he sought to avoid most carefully. That his instincts for judging the quality of real amusement should have played him false is astonishing when one considers all the experience he had gained as a writer of comedy. But success often blinds a person and causes him to run riot; for a time Moliere must have suffered from this blindness. It required much time for violent criticism to break down; it had been pent up too long and was now happy to have its fling. Only through

the good offices of the Prince de Conde, a college friend of Moliere, was the tumult of criticism assuaged and the royal favor restored, but Moliere never again achieved that warm favor and happy friendship which had been his during the period of his rise to glory. Mistakes made by outraging human feelings have their own peculiar way of sticking; smiles cannot undo them; moth and rust cannot dissolve them. If Moliere believed that his fame was beyond the reach of attack, his play "Tartuffe" proved to be an eye-opener for him.

Seven years more remained for Moliere to add to his renown as a dramatist after the period of embarrassment brought on by "Tartuffe" had weathered away. During these years he produced a number of highly literary plays, well seasoned with rollicking humor, and by means of them retrieved his sinking fortune. He worked more diligently now than he did in the years when untarnished glory graced his name. Among a considerable number of lesser plays, all of them showing scintillations of real wit, he produced comedy on a larger scale in such plays as "Le Medecin malgre Lui," "L'Avare," "Les Femmes Savantes," and the curiously psychological drama, "Le Malade Imaginaire." In all of these plays, while ridiculing human foibles in a gay manner, the author was careful to avoid offending the sensibilities of his audience. Certainly it is regrettable that in many of his plays Moliere uses

THE FATHER OF FRENCH COMEDY

coarse jokes, such as would be frowned upon by modern respectable audiences; but they may not have had the same disagreeable connotation in his day which has come to pervade them in later times. It is deplorable, as literary history testifies, that comedians cannot shun the fleshpots of sensualism when they desire to execute a flash of wit or when they proceed to develop a comical scene, and unfortunately Moliere cannot be given a clean bill in this respect in the judgment of modern times.

It is said that if Moliere had been as proficient in poetical conceits as he was in contriving plots and securing interest, he would stand before the world as the greatest of all writers of comedy. But in poetic diction he was inferior to his contemporary and rival dramatists, Corneille and Racine. In this par-

ticular he is surely very inferior to Shakespeare. Yet it must be remembered that Moliere was an able poet, and that there are many poets of considerable fame who are his inferiors in the technique of the Muses. Furthermore, he did not write all his thirty-five plays in verse; some of them are in prose, and his prose style is hard to excel.

From the days of his young manhood onward, up to the close of his life Moliere followed his profession as playwright and actor. In 1673, in the fifty-first year of his age, he died on the stage while taking a part in his "*Le Malade Imaginaire*." He lies buried in a simple grave on Pere Lachaise Cemetery within the shadow of the great city of Paris, the scene of his triumphs which placed him among the immortals of the world's greatest dramatists.



Easter

by

Frederick Steininger '36

The cross is taken down,
Whereon that sacrifice was made
Which ended all the Rites
By whose prefigurement
Was shed the blood of beast
In symbol of atonement
For sins of man, yet unredeemed.

The Son of God, the Christ, our King,
'Then came into this world
To work redemption for mankind,
And ended all the shedding of that ritual blood
By taking to His share
The fullest guilt of man,
For which He gave, in turn
The fullest meed
Which outraged Justice might demand.

A world defiled by stain of sin
Now brought to death upon the cross
The only Son of God,
Whom it refused to know,
But Who, in spite of all unkindness shown,
Gave willingly
The last drop of His saving Blood
To blot out every sign of guilt
Which man had willfully incurred.

But death was not to claim Him long,
For on that glorious Easter Morn,
Christ left the tomb
To which He was consigned by human hands,
And rose in a majestic blaze
To give the world a pledge
That all mankind shall rise again
From toils of death
And be with Him in happiness
Upon fulfilling what His will prescribed;
And in that happiness
There'll be perpetual glory,
Surpassing all that ere was said or writ
In fascinating human story.

Diploma - - cy

Two diplomas were not sufficient to make an intelligent mechanic out of J. Willie Wellington. He looked for a position but got a job instead. His girl, Lucinda Lou, didn't know the difference.

WILLIE WELLINGTON nodded comprehendingly as the massive manufacturer of Magnificent Mattresses spoke:

"My boy, our plant is to be enlarged in the near future. We will need another foreman because of increased production and employment. The job is yours, provided you take a course in the mechanical phase of mattress making. You understand, do you?"

"A soft job" was the idea which stealthily penetrated the everlasting blankness of J. Willie Wellington's faculty, called in others a mind. Readily he answered, "That I shall do. I'll learn the business."

"I congratulate you on your enterprising disposition," blandly smiled the portly executive. They shook hands and parted.

J. Willie Wellington was a grand lad, a he-man in physique, classic in feature, a Greek god in all his Olympian beauty. One thing J. Willie Wellington was doomed to get along without — intelligence. A Greek god would surely rebel had he nothing more in his head than

● By Frederick Hendricks '37

the brains of our hero. But his knowing look — really a strained effort to know what it's all about — deceived even Mr. Matthew McManus, great mogul of the Magnificent Mattress Manufacturing Company. Once outside of the president's office, J. Willie Wellington flitted home on the wings of elation.

That evening Willie hastened breathlessly to visit his lady-love, Lucinda Lou Lovestreet, in order to inform her of his coming opportunity and incidentally to engage in suing for her pearl-like hand. Be it known that Lucinda Lou was gorgeously dumb, so much so, that people thought she was mighty cute. Her platinum locks undoubtedly possessed more convolutions than the brain housed in her sleek head. Be it further known that her intelligence, however, was a little more profound, a little more practical, and a little more universal than that possessed by her gallant 'knight-errant.' Thus the stage was set for a remarkable romance in which beauty abounded, and brains — well, the less said, the better.

As the scene opens in the home of Lucinda Lou, we see the lovers with puckered brows romantically gazing upon each other — calf-like.

Slowly an idea filtered into J. Willie Wellington's mental horizon:

"Mr. McManus is going to enlarge his plant, and he wants me to be a foreman provided I take a course in mattress mechanics."

Lucinda Lou clapped her model hands at receiving this news, and with a cry of intelligent delight managed to elicit:

"We can get married then!"

"Married!" came through the lips of her Don Juan. "You mean actually married?"

"Of course, you darling dear. We'll have a little nest all our own."

"Oh, I say, Lucinda Lou, birds have nests, not people, and we are people," Willie corrected wisely.

She let this brilliantly "sappy" remark slide into oblivion as she glanced through a magazine. Often did she do this when she was exhausted by the strain of continued conversation in order that she might recuperate her debilitated wits. Her Romeo gazed at her with a foolish blank stare.

"Listen to this, dear!" now exclaimed the less brainless one, her eyes growing large with sudden knowledge. "Here is just the thing for you. Hmm, it takes but six months."

J. Willie Wellington grappled with this announcement and courageously inquired, "What is it?"

"Why this school — The Magnetic Master Mechanics School! It says that in six months you can get a diploma which leads to advance positions. Do you get it?"

"I can't say that I do," Willie

answered with face foggily perplexed.

"Well," began Lucinda Lou in her best explaining manner, "you go there for six months. They'll give you a diploma. Then you can be a foreman."

"Oh, I see it all now," dully replied Willie.

"Here is the address. You be sure to apply tomorrow."

She cut out the advertisement and handed it to her Beau Brummel. Unusual was this school; its curriculum was composed of "tics": Mathematics, Dramatics, Aeronautics, Politics, Gymnastics.

"Willie, dear," gurgled the girl, "we shall be married, and we will be so happy! Do your work well at the school."

When talking about being happy in their married life, Lucinda Lou should have said "sappy," for there followed, perhaps as a sample of their future wedded life, some of the dumbest wooing ever ventured. Poor Dan Cupid could not point with pride to his potent dart in the face of such reactions. Coming up for air, as it were, they kissed a fond farewell. What a sad parting it was. They had agreed not to see each other until Willie had achieved his expected diploma, so that he might, if possible, concentrate on his studies.

Immediately on the following day, the yokel-minded Adonis enrolled in the Magnetic Master Mechanics School. The guiding hand of the little-better brained Lucinda Lou now being absent, his bovine antics

got him into many troubles and difficulties.

The required six months passed slowly. At length, J. Willie Wellington received his sheepskin with the joy of perfect innocence. On the evening of that day he had his first date in many months with Lucinda Lou. So happy were they on being reunited in their courtship that they almost forgot about the cause of their separation. Finally, their mooning finished, they descended to earth. Willie's marble forehead fell into wrinkles as he observed:

"What I don't understand, dear, why they asked me such crazy questions at that school? One time they asked me what I would do if a girl had fallen into a river. Again they wanted to know what I would tell a young lady to do to improve her voice. These questions had nothing to do with mechanics."

"O dear, they wanted to test your ingenuity," absently replied Lucinda Lou, whose peanut mind was in ecstasy that she had won the only guy stupid enough to fall for her.

"Yes, but most of the questions were like that. They. . ."

"Puu- - - leese," begged the maiden fair, "just forget about that old school and concentrate on me."

Shifting mental gears at this command, Willie meekly submitted.

On the following morning, like a conquering hero, J. Willie Wellington came into the office of Mr. McManus. Buoyantly he blurted out:

"I have completed my course, Mr.

McManus, and have my diploma."

"Fine work, my boy," said the burly president of the mattress factory. "Did you bring your diploma with you?"

"No — no — I didn't, I have it hidden away in a safe place at home," answered Willie stupidly.

"It will serve no purpose there, my lad, bring it around so it can be filed in our records. You should know as much."

"Yes, sir, I see now," Willie replied.

"Well, in the meanwhile, take this card and go to Mr. O'Calligan. He will assign a floor to you in the annex. Good morning."

Before consigning his diploma to the office files, Willie thought it advisable to show it to Lucinda Lou that she might admire its meaning and beauty. So on that night he kissed the doll face of his beloved with the sheepskin in his hand. The gaudy ribbons on the voucher for Willie's efficiency attracted the blue eyes of the girl.

"Is that your diploma, darling?" she asked with as much baby cooing as she could command. "I'd love to see it."

Willie unrolled the impressive document before her admiring gaze. While scanning it with interest, she suddenly changed her facial expression, emitted a low cry, grew white, and read it a second time. Rage choked her. At last she screamed, "You dumb cluck!"

Willie was all a-flutter. Never before had his sweet young lady

spoken in such atrocious language to him. He was stunned.

"You entered the wrong course," she wailed, "you dumb dummy! How could you be so stupid?"

Willie now saw for the first time that he had wrongly entered his application. Instead of placing the mark in the square before mechanics, he had placed it in the one before dramatics.

"This thing is useless. Suppose they find out at the office, what then will you do?" tearfully sobbed Lucinda Lou.

At these words coming from his sweetheart, Willie moaned. He was ruined. He had wasted a hundred dollars, had deprived himself for all of six months of the dear company of the only person he loved in the whole world — all to no purpose. Besides, she was angry with him now. Truly, the grand air castle of J. Willie Wellington had clattered to wreckage about his ears. His joy was gone.

"Why weren't you more careful?" peevishly questioned the fair one. Then with the determination of a grand inquisitor, she pressed her inquiry further: "What did you do at school?"

Red under the gills with chagrin, Willie answered, "We read stories out loud, recited poetry, and made speeches. We studied the mechanics of the voice, too."

At this recital Lucinda Lou became blind with fury. By turns she was incoherent and speechless. When she had calmed down a little, she lashed her darling vehemently

for his stupidity. Her scolding was not long continued because her vocabulary of invectives was mercifully limited.

Her words obviously hurt Willie. He stared at the pattern on the rug, his countenance expressing the perfection of misery, forlornness and despair. For a while neither spoke. Gradually the woe-begone mien of her lover aroused for the first time in her existence the maternal instinct in Lucinda Lou. As a mother might comfort an injured child, so she caressed her darling while breathing words of hope and consolation:

"They don't have to know about this wrong diploma at the factory, my dear," she encouraged. "Perhaps they won't even look at it when you file it. If they don't and I hope they won't, then the only thing for you to do is work during the day and of evenings attend night school. But be sure to enroll in the correct course. Every weekend, you must come to me and tell me what you are doing in school. And remember to take mechanics, you dumb darling."

With an aspect of gratitude like that of a puppy, Willie agreed to her proposal.

"Now," she continued, "when you get your diploma in mechanics, you will have to substitute it for this hateful old thing."

Once more Willie began to feel like himself now that the clouds of worry were lifting. He and Lucinda Lou were happy again after their little quarrel.

According to the directions of his sweetheart, J. Willie Wellington re-entered school. Once more he graduated, once more he was the proud recipient of a testimonial of learning — a testimonial that was evidently given on credits. All he had to do now was to substitute the proper diploma for the useless one, which he had succeeded in filing without question or detection, and his job would be securely his, and so would be his sweetheart, Lucinda Lou. Gleefully, he exhibited his new diploma to her and got a kiss for his hard work. Everything was now correct only he must be sly in making the exchange of diplomas in the files of the factory.

On the very next day, when attempting to make this exchange, and not knowing anything about a file, he fumbled unduly long and was caught in the act. Unexpectedly Mr. McManus, the portly president came into the filing room. Willie became flustered as he had no business to meddle with the files.

"What are you doing there, Wellington?" gruffly inquired Mr. McManus. "Don't disturb those files. They are in my care, and I want no one to search them unless he is ordered to do so. Let me see those papers you have under your arm."

Confusion and embarrassment flooded Willie's soul. He gulped, swallowed, coughed, stammered, but said nothing. The president examined the diplomas and then turned upon Willie:

"You young whippersnapper, you, you mean to fool me! Whose busi-

ness is it to file diplomas? You idiot, you're too dumb to have around. By the way, who does the work for you on your floor? There's been complaint about your knowing nothing."

"My friend, Reilly, does the work," squeaked the cowering lad.

"I've been kind to you, Wellington, but I'll have no fooling in my factory. You're fired. Get out and stay out!"

Willie slunk away. Crestfallen, beaten, he walked aimlessly through the streets carrying his two diplomas under his arm. To be comforted in his distress, he thought of going to the home of Lucinda Lou. Her words had always been a bracer to him, and surely she would come to his aid in his hour of sorrow.

Lucinda Lou was astonished to see her lover come at an unusual hour of the day. As she listened to his story of dismissal from employment, a look of disgust spread over her pretty face. When Willie had ended his distressing tale, she quietly removed the engagement ring, which he had given her, from her finger and returned it to him. Then she led him to the door and said:

"This is the end of it all. People tell me that I'm dumb, but I'm not dumb enough to marry you. I'd starve if I had you for a husband."

A year passed. In the meanwhile J. Willie Wellington found work in a "Shinna-Hannes" Factory, better known as a reduction plant, where he was put to working a machine which pressed soap grease out of the carcasses of animals.

This was as far as his diploma in mechanics brought him. Nobody at this place asked him any questions about a diploma, but he was proud to display his sheepskin on the smelly walls of the place of his employment. On his homeward journey, one evening, he met Lucinda Lou. Her feelings towards him had become mellowed, and she engaged in a conversation with him. Willie made use of the chance to explain his phenomenal success to her and let her know what a hand

he had in making the most fetchingly perfumed toilet soap. Lucinda Lou became interested, he must come to her home, so she insisted, and tell her all about his wonderful employment. Willie did so with the consequence that Lucinda Lou, who thought that helping in the manufacture of sweetly perfumed toilet soap was the height of mechanical skill, was ready to renew the romance of former days. Accordingly the romance between her and Willie was renewed and ended happily.

The Bluet

by

Casper Bonifas '37

As cressets bright in cloistered aisles
That sparkle like the sunlit dew,
Your gracious warmth in lovely smiles
Beams forth, O pretty Bluet, blue!

What hopes rest in thy fragile heart,
As eastern skies turn glowing red,
And fiery Phoebus comes to part
Thy tender petals, Bluet, blue?

And when old Sol climbs to his height,
And all the heavens stream with gold,
Thy tufted tendrils bathed in light
Portray thy beauty, Bluet, blue.

Then, as Hesperian skies reflect
Their fading light upon thy boughs,
Thou holdest still thy form erect
To greet the evening, Bluet, blue.

No words can tell the hidden zest
That fills thy sleep till early dawn
With sweetest dreams to lull thy rest
And paint thy bloom, O Bluet, blue!

His Memory Reached a Bimillennium

● By Alvin Druhman '37

HIS LIFE did not reach the grand total of three score and ten, but, Q. Horatius Flaccus made his years between 65 and 8 B.C. a period of literary labor which has stamped its worth indelibly on the record of ages. In his own words this Latin poet, commonly known by his Anglicized name, Horace, prophesied that future times would not willingly let his memory die, so secure did he feel in the personal evaluation of his literary productions. In his ode, "Exegi Monumentum," he says, "I have completed a monument more lasting than bronze and loftier than the regal structure of the pyramids. I shall not altogether die." This prophecy, having reached fulfillment throughout a bimillennium of birthdays, makes a well-founded bid to prove true for millenniums to come. "On and on I shall live ever fresh with the glory of aftertime," he asserts without the least doubt, because he knows that the fundamental aspirations of the human mind—its likes and dislikes—will never change as long as this world exists.

The Youth of Horace

Horace was born and spent his childhood amid the natural beauties

of a picturesque Italian region on the confines of Lucania in Apulia. Sensitive minds are said to be peculiarly responsive to gorgeous scenery. The early awakening of a poetic taste in Horace seemingly speaks in favor of this supposition. In "Children of the Wood" in which he relates the adventures of his childhood, he crystalizes the poetic imagery of his youthful days. He there says:

"That safe from bears and adders in
such place
I lay, and slumbering smiled,
O'erstrewn with myrtle wild,
And laurel, by the gods' peculiar
grace
No craven-hearted child."

The poetic impressions, however, derived from his surroundings in the springtime of life would not have made a famous poet out of Horace had his father not taken a kindly and lasting interest in his rearing and schooling. This father was not a man of wealth; in fact he had been a slave. In the affairs of life, he appears to have been an exceptionally prudent man, one who knew how to make ends meet on very narrow margins. A small farm came into his possession after he had been

constituted a freedman, and with great personal sacrifice he sold this farm in order to have the means to take his son, Horace, to Rome and there secure for him the best teachers of the day. It was a mere streak of good luck that while in Rome, the father of Horace obtained occupation as collector of money from those who had made purchases at the public auctions. He was thus enabled to pay the fee for the education of his son by the great pedagogue, Orbelius, surnamed Plagosus, a teacher who knew how to wield the birch and rule. That Horace, now in his twelfth year, could hardly have given his teacher, "Plagosus," many chances to chastise him may be gathered from the circumstances of his father's almost regularly accompanying him to school and encouraging him in learning.

The father of Horace was also seriously interested in the moral education of his son. He not only generously provided his boy with all things necessary for associating on equal terms with lads of the highest rank, but he also demanded that the youthful Horace should acquire the virtues of moderation, temperance, and self-control. Of this attitude on the part of his father, Horace says in one of his works, "Satire VI,":

"To Rome by this bold father was
I brought
To learn those arts which well-born
youths are taught;
So dressed, and so attended, you
would swear
I was some senator's expensive heir.

Himself the guardian of unblemished
truth

Among my tutors would attend my
youth.

And thus preserved my chastity of
mind,

The prime of virtues in its highest
kind."

Later in his life, Horace, as he indicates in several of his odes, when deprived of his wise father, indulged in the gaiety of Roman life to such an extent that his character did not remain blameless, but never did he lose that esteem of virtue which, under his father's guidance, he had acquired in the days of his youth. He recalls the memory of his father with the greatest respect, as is plain from his own words, "While in my right mind, I shall never be ashamed of such a father."

Probably following the suggestion of his father, Horace pursued his advanced studies at Athens, the most renowned seat of learning in his day. Politics and affairs of government in Rome had not troubled him thus far, but now in the twenty-second year of his age, the assassination of Julius Caesar changed the course of his fortune. Everybody who had property to safeguard in his homeland, Italy, felt himself obliged to take part in the revolutionary struggle consequent upon the violent death of the renowned ruler of Rome. Having been absent from Rome for several years and never having been greatly interested in politics, Horace unwisely permitted himself to be caught in the far-flung dragnet

HIS MEMORY REACHED A BIMILLENNIUM

of conscription for military service headed by Brutus and Cassius. That he did not believe in the old Roman ballyhoo — that it is sweet to die for one's country — he proved at the battle of Philippi. The first onset in that battle was too much for him. He fled from the scene of carnage, probably urged by the idea that it is better to be a live coward than a dead hero. What a glorious live coward he came to be is witnessed by the bimillennium celebration of his memory in the past year throughout the literary world.

Horace at Manhood Estate

When Horace, smarting under the disgrace of cowardliness, returned to Rome, he found that his father had died and that his property had been confiscated. For a period of time, he now wisely sought seclusion because he had been on the wrong side of the fence at Philippi where, as he felt in his own mind, he had acted the ignoble part of a coward. A settled gloom and bitterness now depressed his feelings, which daily labor, made necessary by empty pockets, did nothing to relieve. Fortunately, poverty compelled him to use his spare time in writing verse. There was little humor or gaiety in this early verse, his chagrin at past events being too deeply seated to permit cheerful thoughts to occupy his mind. Genius, however shed its light on these poems, and no poetry with genius in it could escape the attention of Virgil who stood high at the

court of the new Roman ruler, Caesar Augustus. Through the influence of Virgil, good luck came to Horace, who light-mindedly and quickly forgot all his former griefs in the pleasures which a happy turn in fortune now brought to him. Gloom and bitterness being gone, he poured out poem upon poem so expressive of the joy of living and so delightfully self-revealing and replete with good sense and fine taste as to attract the favor of discriminating readers throughout the ages.

As Horace's literary fame increased, his friends multiplied in number. Among these was the great Maecenas, the right-hand man of Caesar Augustus. Prominent as Maecenas was in the Roman government at the time, he would hardly have become known to later ages had it not been for the patronage which he extended to Horace. In order to secure a living for his newly-found poetic friend, Maecenas gave him a farm in the Sabine Hills. To show how much he appreciated this gift, Horace wrote in one of his later satires:

"My prayers with this I used to charge,—

A piece of land not very large.
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole,
there should

A patch be found of growing wood.
All this, and more, the gods have sent,

And I am heartily content.

It is said that the farm was neither large nor fertile, but it satisfied Horace's modest wants. Here, according to the dictates of his mood, he labored in the fields, or spent long hours in close study. He loved especially to recline on the banks of the little stream which ran through his farm and there gave his thoughts free rein in the pleasures of reverie and in the construction of poems. Had it not been for the agreeable life and the pleasant association with friends which his newly-acquired estate made possible, Horace might never have written his one hundred and three odes that have preserved for posterity all that is beautiful in the measures of the Greek lyrics. In manual labor on his farm, so it is reported, he was amusingly awkward, but in poetry he was so versatile and nimble that the Muses must have loved to hover about his country home. Yet it was not only the Muses who evidently enjoyed his company, but also the rural patriarchs of the neighboring district and his many friends from Rome took pleasure in being with him. He had an abundance of old wine and an abundance of homely wisdom to dispense; the former made good cheer, the latter made good listeners. No wonder that Horace styles these nocturnal reunions, "Nights and Suppers of the gods."

How could a man like Horace, who loved pleasure, comfort, and ease, love power? Plainly, the two loves do not mix. Caesar Augustus, who took a kindly interest in the

great poet, wanted him to be imperial private secretary. Ye gods, what an idea! The great Emperor could think of nothing but statecraft; Horace could think of nothing but pleasure and poetry. The memory of Emperor Augustus is as musty and dusty as the "Forum Augusti" in Rome at present; the memory of Horace is as fresh and alive as if he had passed from modern company but yesterday. Who of the two has chosen the better part as far as benefit to posterity is concerned? Needless to mention that Horace did not accept the invitation to act as imperial secretary. His poetic answer to the Emperor's prosy request is a sly and diplomatic excuse for shunning political intimacy:

"Since you, great Caesar, singly
wield the charge
Of Rome's concerns, so manifold and
large,—
With sword and shield the common-
wealth protect,
With morals grace it, and with laws
correct,—
The bard, methinks, would do a
public wrong,
Who having gained your ear, should
keep it long."

This answer to the Emperor's letter was clear and slightly flattering, carefully prepared to suit the imperial taste. It had its intended effect—no further attempts were made to thrust political power on Horace, and the smooth course of friendship between him and Augus-

tus was not disturbed. The poet knew what this secretaryship would mean, for in writing about Augustus, he compares him to a spirited horse, whom it is not safe to stroke with an awkward hand.

Rather than wield his pen as imperial secretary, Horace chose to write satires and epistles. He had dedicated a large number of his odes to his many famous friends; in his "Satires" he would record his own personal experiences in life and his more pleasant experiences in company with these same famous friends. The value of his eighteen "Satires," all playfully humorous, is proved by the fact that the literary world never tires of reading them. In his "Epistles" he displays his knowledge of rhetoric and poetry. One need but read his "Epistle to the Pisos" to discover that in the important art of literary criticism, Horace leaves little room for new ideas. His influence in this respect is as permanent as it is in his masterful poetic technique.

The Close of His Days

The prolonged course of happiness for the poetic Sabine farmer was first interrupted by the death of his bosom friend, Virgil. As others of his one-time jolly coterie followed Virgil to the grave, Horace found his "Nights and Suppers for the gods" less and less enjoyable. These sad warnings, coming in the midst of his wonted round of fun, awakened a sense of sadness in him which nothing could soothe. But as long as his patron, Maecenas, lived he

could still enjoy life to some extent, and he shows what fears he entertained for his own future happiness should this influential friend be taken from him:

"Ah! if untimely fate should snatch thee hence,

Thee, of my soul a part,

Why should I linger on with dead-
ened sense,

And ever-aching heart,

A worthless fragment of a fallen
shrine?

No, no! One day beholds thy death
and mine."

If not the same day, at least the same year beheld the death of Maecenas and Horace. The poet who wrought lasting fame for himself also preserved the fame of his patron. The fame of both has passed down the course of time in the Latin original of Horace's works and in countless translations. Those who ought to know say that to appreciate Horace fully, his works must be read in the original Latin. But thanks to Eugene Field and Theodore Martin, whose scholarly translations reflect the kindly humor and the pleasant philosophy of the great "Sabine Bard" with rare felicity, reading the original in order to enjoy Horace is not absolutely necessary. If the glory of the original is out of reach, one may as well say with the utmost satisfaction:

Then welcome, Horace!

Thee I hated,

Until I found thy works

Were well translated.

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EDITORIALS



Have an Eye on the Past

Old-fashioned customs and old-fashioned mannerisms are ridiculed and scorned in this our ultra-modern age. "We don't want to live in the past; we are progressing; we want newer and better things than the past could offer. We want progress!" Frantic little human ants, scurrying in every direction with no particular purpose in mind, raise this battle cry when confronted with the bare truth that willy-nilly they must accept the social heritage which has come to them from the past and make the best of it. They may improve, prune away, or outrightly discard things when there is question of handling the offerings of bygone centuries, but there is surely no sense in "throwing out the child with the bath." In dealing with the past, people would do well to remember Abraham Lincoln's words, "What I do say is, that if we would supplant the opinions and policies of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive, and arguments so clear, that even their great authority, fairly considered and weighed, cannot stand."

But in their mad desire for progress, people usually forget to weigh any evidence in favor of the past. They commonly refuse to take into consideration that they live in a world in which their progenitors lived for thousands of years. These forebears of theirs had as much common sense as human society has at present. What they considered good deserves to be preserved; what they considered futile need be tried over. In this alone progress consists — to discover the good in the past, to cherish it, and to improve upon it. To start at the beginning of all things all the time, as if there had been no past, is the rankest nonsense.

The offerings of the past, mostly dealt with as if they had never before been known, are religion, government, and education. In religion, moderns want to make their own adjustments without any regard for Christ, the world's Lord and Savior; in government they see only a newly-found device for public control, quite as if generations now past knew nothing of it; in education they are fondly looking for a Nuremberger funnel,

little reckoning that this method was hopefully wished for hundreds of years ago and was found wanting. What required an effort in the past requires an effort in the present, and if conditions make the effort easier, the scope of the effort will be proportionately increased. Meeting the increase in the scope of effort by the facility of newly-gained means signifies progress. This is altogether something different in the light of the old.

G. M.

Opinionated

Opinionated persons are those who remain in the same rut for the length of their lives. They are thoroughly satisfied with themselves and very profoundly dissatisfied with everybody else. Their ideals are one and all achieved, and in consequence they pose before the world as being perfect. They wonder why other people should strive for personal improvement, when they themselves have met every demand for improvement with the greatest ease and find themselves securely seated at the top of the ladder of perfection.

The fact is that these people

have never accomplished anything worth-while. Being opinionated, they close their minds to any outside suggestion; they learn no more; their ideas grow stale; their usefulness is destroyed in the rustiness of their own conceits. Their game is to thrust others aside as useless, while they themselves are rotten with uselessness.

It is the opinionated class that always remains mediocre. Higher ideals than those which they have reached do not exist for them. Unfortunately, these people love to direct human affairs, and in their limited outlook, make things bitterly disagreeable for those over whom they have established their authority. Such is said to be the case with the narrow-minded revolutionary rulers of several of the world's great countries at present. That they belong to the opinionated class, and as such to the mediocre class, is evident from the widespread reports of their doings. Happy, indeed, would the world be if opinionated mediocrity could for all times be relegated to the social scrap heap.

H. G.



Time

by

Daniel Raible '37

Time! whoe'er has yet defined thee rightly?
Whence comest thou, and whither wendest thou thy way?
If I can gauge thy course which looms up brightly,
I find thee favoring neither Croesus nor Pompey.
Yet I would know why thou wilt cherish at thy breast
The relics of a Scythian Tamerlane,
When surely thy great task is a divine behest,
To sweeten days with sunshine and with rain?

Hence I shall ask why, ruthless, thou wilt harass men,
And act the despot over all this world?
Why must thou turn this earth into a tiger's den,
And keep thy bloody banner well unfurled?
Remember, God will check the rule of tyrants bold
And thou, too, wilt be mocked and slain when old.

The Thrush

by

Paul Zeller '37

To nature lovers, a celebrity,
Though shy, because the sweetness of his song
Might challenge human virtuosity,
The Thrush avoids the curious, prying throng.
A meistersinger 'mong his feathered friends,
Who knows their charming words of solitude
And will not seek in public to contend
With songsters minus art and aptitude.

But in the solemn stillness of the dawn,
When o'er the forest sweeps a flame of gold
Which stirs from rest the gently sleeping fawn,
The Thrush salutes in cadence manifold.
Again at sunset in the evening glow,
He bids "Good night" in measures sweet and low.



EXCHANGES



Looking back over the past year, which has so swiftly run its course, we cannot but realize and proudly admit that it has been a noteworthy period in scholastic journalism. Possibly the most outstanding feature of this year's work is the active interest shown by the many Catholic periodicals toward the salient movements both in the political and social panorama of our times. The erudite prose works, the verse productions which have come to light during the past year urge the conclusion that college papers and magazines have not only theorized but have cleverly reduced theory to practice.

In this, the last exchange column of the scholastic year 1935-36, it is our purpose to choose what are in our mind the six best exchanges on our list and briefly comment on their relative merits. The six magazines that we have selected possess a marked individuality plus the ability to diffuse a spirit of learning. Naturally these representative publications are mostly quarterlies and were chosen because of their apparent flavor of intelligence, labor, and experience.

Our first choice goes to *The Loyola Quarterly* from Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois. This publication boasts a variegated array of articles and has a quality of individuality that makes it truly a pleasure to peruse. In like

manner the departments are exemplary pieces of literary material; especially can this be said of the criticisms of the modern cinema. We greatly appreciated having this learned Quarterly with us this year and sincerely hope next year will find it again on our desk.

The Canisius Quarterly from Canisius College, Buffalo, New York, comes next on our list. This periodical is an actual embodiment and concrete example of what an accurate college journal should, and can be. Beginning with its distinguishing but conservative cover, *The Canisius Quarterly* runs the gamut of literary types in as far as such a thing is possible in a college publication. Most imposing among its pages is the essay entitled, "The Little Man From Windsor Forest," and the well-written editorials by Mr. Irving J. Mulde.

On its first appearance we designated *The Aurora* from St. Mary-of-the-Woods College as the ranking publication on our desk, but as time passed it fell to a strong third position. This magazine is a fine representative of feminine artistry in journalism. It is very competent in producing articles of a high and dainty literary value, but has the bad habit of placing too many bouquets on the table and omitting real, nourishing morsels of thought. This quarterly is distinctly

EXCHANGES

feminine, which accounts for the beauty and silver tones of its many poems.

Our choice for fourth position goes to another quarterly published under a gynecic touch — *The Clepsydra* from Mundelein College, Chicago, Illinois. This delightful periodical is a magazine as unique as its name. It truly possesses a color of refinement and yet contains pages of real, substantial and pleasant reading material. Its outstanding claim to honor comes mainly from the fine and instructive article, "In Defense of a Favorite." The melodic and rhythmical poems have a soothing sentiment constantly lilting through them that helps to add distinction to the entire journal.

The fifth post on our 1935-36 best list is merited by *The Black Hawk* from Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The staff of this quarterly seems to fully understand that beauty is literature's most revered and loved possession. Every pretense of aesthetic beauty can be seen peeking its romantic head from the colorful pages of this journal. The short story, "The Emerald Eye," is by far the best story to appear on our desk this year. Congratulations, Miss Fruth! The many poems live up to the ancient saying that poetry is the overflowing of the soul.

Last on our list is *The Collegian* from St. Mary's College, California. This weekly college paper should be taken as an example by other publications. It

possesses in great quantity all the requisites of a campus and local newspaper. Its literary value rests solely on the column submitted by Brother Leo, "Outlooks and Insights." The work of this prominent critic adds a scholarly touch to the otherwise light material of this paper.

Of course it is thoroughly safe to state that none of the articles published in the college journals will become immortal. This fact is due to the immaturity of the writers, but it should in no way be a discouraging fact. There is no reason for these authors to fret because their contributions to their respective school journals are not placed in the hands of the general public. What after all is popularity and triumph? Longfellow says:

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat."

The entire *Collegian Staff* sincerely hopes and wishes all exchanges continued success in future publications. We are grateful for the many exchanges received during the school year and hope that next September all of our "old faithfuls" will again make their appearance with new and higher standards in view.

R.J.T. '36

N.F.D. '36





NOT ON BREAD ALONE

By Valentine Long, O.F.M.

Within the past few years litterateurs of note have witnessed the steady growth of the Catholic Literary Revival. Books of distinction; volumes that demand and attract attention; tomes that are remarkable for their optimistic and pleasantly theistic philosophies of life; novels, essays, poetry, biographies—all the fields of literature are being richly augmented by the Catholic Literate to such an extent that critics have acknowledged that the tide of literature has been purged and uplifted to a new and wholesome degree.

Not On Bread Alone is a series of delightful, comforting, and thought-provoking essays. The book is divided into two sections: the first group of essays having to do with Catholic sentiment; the second group, indirectly with religion and directly with literature. Although the average reader shuns spiritual reading, Part I contains little gems of literature that are so spiritualizing and attractive that the reader becomes absorbed in the matter, forgetting that he ever had any scruples about literature of this kind. These essays have been written on the conviction that, despite his animal urges, happiness can come to man only from the soul. The essays in Part II might be called suggestions on why and how to approach the grand, artistic, English

record of the soul, the English history of the fight between flesh and spirit, with a view to promote better appreciation of the struggle and in that appreciation, a knowledge of man's need for God. The book as a whole desires the spread of happiness; it advocates the practice of Catholic belief as the way, and the study of English letters as a help.

The spirituality of these essays is deep; their sincerity stirs one to the very depths of the soul; their comforting tone assuages the grief of man's heart and allows a steady wave of love to mount to the Beatific Throne. The beauty of these haunting religious themes is exemplified in the following passage:

"...like a solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, all heaven facing earthward in adoration, does the Cross suddenly appear over the heads of the masses with its haggard, uncomplaining Victim fastened down upon it, tight and firm. From the superhuman throats of nine innumerable choirs a jubilant burst of *Tantum Ergo* is sweeping eternity. And on earth from the weird, premature twilight comes the frightened cry, the *O Salutaris* of one who watching, unexpectedly sees the Beauty of Divinity covered with blood: 'Indeed this man was the Son of God.'"

BOOK SHELF

"For literature reads pessimistic, without religion; its very optimism runs shallow." With this statement in mind, Father Valentine shows to the reader the relation of English literature to Catholicism. These essays are of especial interest to the student of English letters, for they open to him a new field of understanding. The author quotes copiously, and scrupulously proves his conclusions. "The truer instincts of English poetry," says Father Valentine, "are of the profoundest depths of humanity and fain would grow to Catholic realization, but ah! they are sad, unspeakably so, because they cannot, because a sixteenth-century misfortune of a Queen has robbed them of hope, of their birthright, has orphaned them of a Mother." Speaking of Shelley, he claims that the poet might easily have gone down to the ages, the poet laureate of the Blessed Sacrament. Dean Swift, Thackeray, Milton, De Quincey, and many other authors of note are touched upon. Just as these masters of the art of letters are beautiful in their writings, so is this aspiring Franciscan writer.

Popular appeal, liveliness, finish of expression, and a gift of phrase are some of the sterling qualities of this book. The essays are original in viewpoint, delightfully pleasant to read; they have a serene quality of beauty, and maintain a very high level in both thought and expression. They will, undoubtedly, serve to restore tired minds and jaded spirits to freshness of outlook and sanity of mood. The philosophy throughout is one of good cheer in life's quest for God.

There is so much undercurrent of thought in *Not On Bread Alone* that

one must read and re-read to appreciate the true beauty that is contained in this little volume. It is to be highly recommended and is a tonic in these days of materialism for the Catholic who is distressed with the pagan life about him. Reading the book will cheer him and make him see clearly the logic of Catholic faith.

A.G. '36

MONSIGNOR

By Doran Hurley

Soothed with the sound, the king grew
vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes;
And thrice he slew the slain.

Dryden

With a slight exaggeration this king is a good description of Monsignor Flanagan, whose character is the subject of Doran Hurley's novel, *Monsignor*. The monsignor is a character, morally good in many ways, but haunted by the demon of pride. He is pious in his devotions, he is ambitious in his labors, but pride destroys his ambitions and accomplishments, and deters his spiritual progress.

This theme is diversely developed throughout the book, each incident of the narrative picturing the woeful dominance of pride over the monsignor's character. Finally, as though a sign from heaven, his parish is plunged into debt by the destruction of the Sisters' convent by fire. This catastrophe seemingly awakens him to his sin and moves him to repentance.

The evident purpose of the book is to present a character study of a man who really strives for perfection, who is

really sincere in his labors, and who is incognizant of his errors and shortcomings. In this purpose Doran Hurley has succeeded admirably, portraying the character true to actualities. I have heard it remarked by a priest that only a priest could have written *Monsignor*, for the layman is too ill-versed in clerical characters to give so vivid a portrayal. I would like to agree with this opinion, but I know Doran Hurley is not a priest, and he, therefore, deserves all the more credit for his living monsignor.

As I have mentioned above, Doran Hurley has succeeded well in his primary purpose, but as far as writing a novel is concerned, in my opinion he has failed. What there is of plot is stagnant and uninteresting, and if it weren't for the homely wit of several chattering women who herald the parish news from the vestibule of the church, I would have frequently given way to my drooping eyelids.

But aside from this shortcoming, Doran Hurley must be commended for his graphic sketch of a pride-ruled man, and for the perfectly natural and human background of the plot. If it is true that *Monsignor* is as the author claims, a creation of the mind—that no actual person is depicted—then, more than double commendation is due, for creation far surpasses reproduction. Certainly, no truer picture of the pride-ruled man could be drawn than Doran Hurley has presented. The monsignor's troubles and trials are the reader's troubles and trials; his solutions are the reader's solutions. In short, the monsignor is a tensely human character whose waves of life blend with the ordinary swells of human existence. A great deal of the spice

and interest of the book is supplied by the pleasing wit of several spinsters who naturally love to talk. However, this wit not only supplies spice and interest in the book, but also fulfills the primary purpose, cited above. Their garrulousness is certainly typical of parish life as it really is.

Much is said, written, and spoken about the Catholic literary revival in America, which is rapidly making headway in literary perfection. To this worthy cause *Monsignor* is a valuable contribution, for it not only expounds Catholic principles, but also excels the ordinary type of Catholic novel in its concreteness and trueness to actualities. The Catholic literary revivalists herald it as a foremost production.

E.G. '37



Filming a Great Drama

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND—
A 20th Century screen play by Nunnally Johnson, directed by John Ford,
based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd.

This grim biographical film sets forth vividly the tragic story of a hapless country doctor whose name was Mudd—in more ways than one. Yet despite the stark realism, "The Prisoner of Shark Island" is the story of a great love, with Gloria Stuart as the wife who sacrifices everything to help her husband, Warner Baxter, escape from the horrors of a military prison.

The picture opens appropriately on Lincoln's birthday with a scene showing Frank McGlynn Sr., who is one of the greatest impersonators, in the role of the martyred President, speaking to a noisy mob outside the White House. The scene swiftly shifts to the President's box in

BOOK SHELF

the Ford Theatre on the fatal night of April 14, 1865, when the fanatical John Wilkes Booth (Francis McDonald) fired the shot that set a hero-worshipping nation into an hysterical fury. The maniacal actor escaped from the theatre with a broken leg.

Far south of Washington he could ride no further, and on his saying that he had fallen from his horse, he was taken into the home of Doctor Mudd (Warner Baxter) for treatment. The doctor set the leg, and Actor Booth departed before he was identified.

Mudd, of course, was quite innocent of any complicity in the assassination; yet he was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment in Fort Jefferson. The brutalities inflicted upon him in prison, his attempted escape, and his rehabilitation as a doctor by his heroic work among the staff and prisoners during an epidemic of yellow fever take up the remainder of the film. Through the efforts of his devoted wife and the pleas of the personnel of Fort Jefferson, Dr. Mudd was granted a presidential pardon in 1869.

"The Prisoner of Shark Island" is not just an interesting and fascinating way of spending a couple of hours; it is an historic document crammed with irony and action as subtly terrifying as the stone bastions of the Fort itself, where Doctor Mudd was sent to eke away his life, the most reviled of prisoners.

During that violent siege by yellow fever Dr. Mudd was in complete charge of the Fort—his prison. It was impossible to get outside aid; even government ships laden with supplies refused to put in when they saw the grim yellow flag flying from the staff. You will see a

truly stirring scene in this picture when Warner Baxter climbs to the top gallery of the Fort whereon are mounted the huge columbiads. Baxter uses every device at his disposal to get the stubborn captain to send in those vitally necessary medical supplies, fresh food, and water, but the sailors are adamant through fear of contamination. As the boat prepares to leave, the peace-loving Doctor, driven to desperation, orders the Fort's gunners to fire on the ship. This hasty action has its desired effect.

The most dramatic scene is Warner Baxter's attempted escape. Gloria Stuart pawns everything and makes the plans for the jail break, but Rankin (John Carradine), the remorseless sergeant, surprises the prisoner. Baxter dives into the moat, which is filled with half-starved sharks, and tries to swim to the sloop. With cruel forethought Rankin gives the order to let Baxter feed the sharks. Despite the sharks, Mudd reaches the ship and his wife, only however, to be recaptured.

As the mild but courageous Doctor whose name became a part of our language typifying the worst possible reverses, Baxter gives a deep, honest and sympathetic performance. This leads me to conclude that a new Warner Baxter will be seen on the screen in 1936. No longer will he be the shallow, swashbuckling Cisco Kid; nor will he be clad in a silver ornamented sombrero. Baxter is developing as an actor and proving himself far more versatile than most directors formerly credited him.

Not only to Warner Baxter but to John Carradine, a new portrayer of psychopathic roles, must laurels be presented. His presentation of the merciless Sergeant

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Rankin comes very near equalling Charles Laughton's memorable portrayal of Captain Blight in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Gloria Stuart as the lovely wife of Dr. Mudd is again at her best as she was in "Professional Soldier." Her love scenes with Warner Baxter are convincing, uplifting and very tender.

These marvelous actors were given a background to work with that is the finest tribute to both directors and art department that I have seen in many a moon. They not only rebuilt the brick and mortar of a forgotten fort; they built

into that masonry the horrid ghosts that keep there their eternal vigils and continue their shrill wails across the glittering tropical waters to a neighboring sandy pit called Dead Man's Cave, where sun-bleached skeletons of the soldiers still lie. And that, thank God, is all that remains of the accursed abode of "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

Thus from a short synopsis of the cinema and a few of the outstanding scenes and portrayals it is quite evident just how great this drama really is.

Richard J. Trame '36



ALUMNI

It is with the utmost regret that we must record here the information concerning the sudden death, on March 8, of Mr. Frank J. Scheidler, of the Greensburg Ice Company, Greensburg, Indiana. His death occurred as a result of a severe injury sustained from a fall from a wagon on a paved roadway. Considering his prominence in Greensburg and vicinity, and considering the shocking suddenness of his death, there is no doubt that the grief felt by his family, relatives, and friends is most poignant. Included among these are two brothers, Reverend Albin J. Scheidler, C.P.P.S., '05, Economist of St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana; Reverend George J. Scheidler, '04, Pastor of St. Magdalene Church, Holton, Indiana; and two sons, Reverend Russell Scheidler, '25, assistant Pastor at Assumption Church, Butte, Montana; and Charles "Rusty" Scheidler, '34, of Greensburg, Indiana—all alumni of the college.

We deeply feel sorrow at the untimely death of their beloved father and brother; and we assure the bereaved that, in addition to the many condolences from other quarters, they have our most heartfelt sympathy. Let it be also added that the deceased has our prayers. May God rest his soul!



One of the college faculty members

has recently been signally honored by receiving a commission in the United States Army of Reserves. The recipient of the honor is Father Gilbert Esser, C.P.P.S. '18, professor in the Classical Department of the college, who for more than two years has been attending CCC camps at Medaryville and Monon, Indiana. In November 1935 the President of the United States gave him a commission as First Lieutenant in the Chaplains' Reserve Corps; his assignment is to the 327th Field Artillery.

The Reserve Corps is an organization of officers of the United States Army that trains itself through correspondence work and through occasional calls to temporary duty. The officers of the Reserve are not obliged to serve except when Congress declares war. They continue their study and training on a peace status and are promoted according to their merit. They draw no pay while not on duty. The Reserves are a part of a program of preparedness for war, not a projector of war.

Father Esser will be in line for promotion in about three years. At present he is engaged in working out the problems of the Army Extension courses, for which definite hours of credit are given towards promotion.

All of us, then, heartily congratulate Father Esser on his commission and hope

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that he continues successful in his post. Good luck, Father! And may the promotion that you hope for come without any difficulty!

●

Word has filtered down the various channels to this department regarding James W. O'Grady '35. Surely no one has forgotten "Jim," that big varsity football player who stopped many a man crashing down the field from the opposing lines. Or perhaps he will be better remembered as the "personification of his Celtic ancestry," or as "collegiate crooner and whistler?" Anyway, the bit of news has it that "Jim" is successfully sailing along in his studies for the priesthood at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kentucky. We knew from your past enviable record here "Jim," that you would meet success, so we sincerely wish you loads of luck in reaching your goal, to be an ambassador of Christ.

●

At last the day of the calendar around which both students and alumni have placed a big, red ring is approaching. It is none other than Alumni Day, May, 4, the day of days. So, Alumni, drop everything when the time for coming rolls 'round; get ready for a little jaunt; and hie yourselves out here as quickly as you can, for of course you do not want to be missing. Throw away all your worries; let your affairs lie low for a few days; and after placing yourselves back one, five, or ten years, become a college student again. Surely you can hardly forget old acquaintances, the old favored haunts around the college and vicinity, and especially dear old Alma

Mater! Once back here in a body, you will be surprised at the number of anecdotes, humorous tales of the "good old days" that will be flashing back and forth in alumni circles all over the grounds. But after all, it is your day, so why not make the best of it? So be prepared for thrills, fun, and anything else that happens.

Of course the students are ready to welcome you one and all, but a word of warning might not be out of place here. There will be a baseball game on that morning, and looking over the material for the varsity, it's evident that the Alumni will have some real opposition. Although nothing will please us better than a glorious victory over the "old boys," we will not do any prophesying; this will be decided by subsequent events. Nevertheless, "may the best team win."

Now, Alumni, since your day comes but once a year, it would seem that St. Joe ought to see your happy faces at least that often. We are always glad to have you visit and revisit us. Consequently, the Alma Mater is ready with wide open doors to welcome every last one of you. Once you have crossed the college limits, get ready for one big, gala day—Alumni Day!

●

Father Cornelius Flynn, '29, assistant pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, Toledo, Ohio, has informed us of the death of his brother Thomas '20. To you and to your parents, Father Cornelius, we offer our sincere sympathy. We are sure that all the alumni will remember Thomas in prayer as we do.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



R.I.P.

To Father Scheidler on the death of his brother, and to Father Paluszak on the death of his sister, the *Collegian Staff*, in the name of the students, extends sincerest sympathy.

Brother Anthony Bade, 1858 - 1936

Sunday morning, March 29, when the chapel chimes called all worshipers to High Mass, Brother Anthony Bade did not appear to take his accustomed place. Instead he answered another summons, that of the angel of death, to join the choir invisible among those servants against whose name the Divine Master writes "Well done." Death claimed him after an illness of two weeks with pneumonia.

Brother Tony, as all who knew him were accustomed to refer to him, entered the Society of the Precious Blood in 1890. For more than twenty-five years he worked on the College farm; since 1913 he managed this farm.

We know all alumni will remember him in prayer and Holy Mass. The following appreciation from the pen of one of the students, beautifully characterizes the life Brother Tony led.

Brother Tony's Work is Done

Golden trumpets from the court-yard
Of the palace of the Sun,
Daily called to work, good Tony,
"One more happy day's begun."

Glad to help the hands to labor
Feet that long refused to run,
Beat the tempo of his life's joy,
"One more happy day's begun."

Through the day good Tony toiled
'Till his cheerful task was done,
Slept 'till birds sang on the morrow,
"One more happy day's begun."

Then one morning angel trumpets
Gently called the willing one.
Golden letters finished writing,
"One more happy day's begun."

"Come, my good and faithful servant,
Crown of saints you long have won."
Brother Tony heard the Master—
Heaven's happy day's begun.

The second and final portion—you remember that work was discontinued last December because

Construction of inclement weather—
Resumed of the symphony of construction tunes has begun. With the arrival

of Spring an encyclopedia of workingmen have barricaded the barren foundation of the new building; carpenters lodge wooden window frames; bricklayers sow deep red bricks into furrows of cement; pulleys and machines work strenuously to set mighty arms in place; men perched upon the settled beams guide the blood-red rods as they glide into

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place. Although occasionally surprising snows and rather piercing winds rub elbows with typical spring days, the growth of the building is advancing rapidly. Before many weeks will have passed, the student onlookers will detect some of the real beauty of this building which now they see portrayed only in sketches. So the work goes on. We hope that soon the gymnasium will have a full-grown Man Friday in our New Building.

Livy tells us that as Hasdrubal was sizing up the Romans for their ensuing battle in Northern Italy, his keen military eye warned him that the enemy had received some reenforcement from the south. This he discovered by the sun-baked appearance of certain troops.

If we had not otherwise known, we could tell that Father Scheidler has been vacationing in the south by his envious coat of tan. Looking healthier and hardier than ever and proud of his "berry" complexion, he recently returned from his well earned vacation in Florida. He tells us many interesting tales of his sojourn, but as yet we have not seen any of those famous Florida oranges we asked him to bring back.

If one may judge the agreeableness of the southern climate from the kindly manner in which it extended its hospitable rays to Father Scheidler, Floridans need no longer send their vacation advertisements to Collegeville.

When the sun of graduation day begins to shine more brilliantly, and its increasing tender caresses warn that this day is near, departing classes of all colleges search for a motto.

Following the golden counsel of their selected maxim they may face more bravely the oft crushing and puzzling elements of "after school-day life." So the departing men of St. Joseph's College have chosen their aphoristic comrade. *Respice Finem* — look to the end — this is the motto which the graduating class of 1936 has chosen as their constant companion in the journey through life. Yes, seniors, in all worthy things which you undertake, and throughout the course of their completion let *Respice Finem* remain always before you. *Respice Finem* — look to the end, and do not stop before the end is reached.

Yes, this is leap-year. The world over, kindly mothers, sisters, and friends are advising hopeful spinsters that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Wholesale and retail stores report a new high in the sale of cook-books. Government experts blame the towering price of food-stuffs on the demand of unwed aging maidens who are zealously pursuing the major domestic science. However, cautious bachelors in the United States alone, have refused over two million dinner invitations since the first of January while that many more who accepted such bids, have found themselves buying engagement and wedding rings. O! The power of that maxim!

Applying the proverb in a somewhat varied sense, the College invited a hardy squad to the annual Basketball banquet, Sunday evening, March 22. At St. Joe men are men. So a wise Alma Mater thanked her Cardinal "courtmen" for the

gallant services they had rendered by a regal repast. Simple were the decorations of the banquet hall, but courses of colorful and tasty dishes cleverly contrasted to the approval of many masculine palates.

Guest speakers of the evening were Mr. Howard B. Clark, editor of the Rensselaer Republican, and Mr. Roy Kurtz, editor of the Jasper County Democrat. Each an ardent supporter of his political party, assured all present that he would not indulge in any political debate. Both were true to their promise; their eloquent comments found no room for subjects foreign to their praise and encouragement of St. Joe athletic activities.

Father Koenn, Athletic Director, in his ever amiable manner, proved to be a very genial toastmaster, fluent with nectar words and ever ready with his well known anecdotes. The V. Rev. Rector, Father Kenkel, touched deeply the hearts of the athletes by his sincere words of appreciation and commendation. In a brief but expressive speech, our coach, Mr. Raymond De Cook, frankly applauded the team for their strong finish of the season and clearly explained future athletic policies.

With a verbal bouquet for each recipient, the Coach then awarded monograms to the following: Albert Van Nevel; Albert Ottenweller; Richard Scharf; Robert Hatton; John McCarthy; Timothy Doody, senior manager.

Three of those awarded monograms were called upon to say a few words. The three were seniors, attending their last basketball banquet at St. Joe. "Red" Van Nevel, "Alfy" Ottenweller and "Tim" Doody arose slowly in succession to express their heartfelt sentiments.

With a few friendly and informal discussions, the banquet came to a close. But the perfect evening was not yet reclining. As guests of the manager of the Ritz Theatre, Mr. Kendal, the squad enjoyed the latest musical romance of the screen, "Rose Marie."



Butterflies and Scorpions

In days of old, when knights were bold
And people feared the witches,
Without a car love ne'er got far;
They ne'er got stuck in ditches.

But take a night, a modern night
When midnight hour bewitches—
Love will be grand in any can,
If one gets stuck in ditches.

The moon may shine, or may repine;
The rain may fall in stitches;
But young romance will sure advance
If love gets stuck in ditches.

Oh, History old, your pages fold
Of gallant knights and witches,
You can't compare a love affair
With "Love Stuck in the Ditches."

Columnist's Note: To a P.G. at H.H.:
Yes, "*pink-eye*" is contagious; but isn't
love blind?



Notice to owners and operators of restaurants, dining halls, et al: If your meals are but mediocre, and you admit it, but you still insist that your customers remain satisfied, you may now hire the great maestro, "Sandy" Muresan, who will guarantee perfect satisfaction to the "fair ones" whom you know are the nuclei of your business. They in turn will bring their boy friends to your

tables, if for no other reason than to arouse their jealousy. "Sandy" has everything necessary to make the feds forget about the caviars and hamburgers (you must of course operate on the minimum price system) and dissipate on his music, especially his vocal solos. By the way, "Sandy" possesses that congenial manner of allowing the orchestra to manage un-directed while he dishes out a few heart throbs here and there.

"I Never Do Anything" Westhoven is hereby selected as the shining example of "how-to-keep-your-name-out-of-the-print-all-column." INDA is not exactly a saint—he does things that we would like to discover—but the only things we can pin on him are medals. No! On a stack of Mohammedan Korans, I swear INDA is not paying hush money or any other species of bribery to this department—perish the thought! It might interest some of you to know that INDA has a very fine voice and a sensitive ear for music. He is seriously planning to join the vocal celebrity club which boasts of such famous singers as Schroeder, Steininger, and Grevenkamp. This organization is assiduously soliciting the membership of "Alfy" Ottenweller, crooning center of the "fighting Cards."

What mysterious power lies in that little piece of note paper, now in the possession of "Joe College" Weaver, that has "Snozz" Ferencak saying "Uncle!" for "Joe College" every time that little piece of paper is flashed before Snozz's mighty nose? Some Senior would be delighted to the extreme if he could find out. But if Snozz promises to be a good little squirt, and PLEASE put one good

joke in the "Bob-Snozz" Humor column, we will also promise to remain silent.

We hear that the "fair little things" really took a great interest in some of the musicians who play in the sectionally famous "Vagabonds." However interested they might have been, they were apparently equally shy and bashful. Portraying their usual "country gal" reserve, they employed their kid brothers in seeking somewhat informal introductions. Confirmed reports have it that these musicians were on their best dignity—much to the indignation of the hopeful ones. Someone even remarked that wherever St. Joe students travel, they are always an excellent advertisement for their Alma Mater. But what guy on the campus sensed a few happy thrills of the heart when the Vagabonds brought some good news for him?

Constant inquiries have been made as to when "Willie" Stack and "Stanny" Meiring (the fellow who regrets deeply that there are no more basketball games to be played—he possessed a two-fold love for the home games, too) will perform their first shave. The tenderfeet are silent on the question but have made the statement to our inquiring reporter that the initial "mowing" will be attended with none of the anticipated ceremonies. Tch! tch! Such modest gentlemen!

Latest Scotch Campus Fad: The "Cincy" boys are now carrying endorsed lights. The less fortunate smokers asking one of these boys for a match will observe the donor's signature brightly plastered on the match booklet. Believing themselves to be philanthropists,

the "Cincy gang" is endeavoring to spread the idea of providing the campus with a touch of Utopia—match returning.

Benny D'Angelo dug into a musty old book of excuses and emerged with what he thought would be an impregnable alibi for the many times that he comes late. The other day he was forced to try it out. Since the prefect was also present on the scene of Benny's tardiness, that worthy lent an interested ear to "Dangles," "I'm sorry, Father; the bell rang before I got here." Since then Benny has torn the book to pieces, because, perhaps due to the antiquity of its contents, he suffered detention.

Seriously considering the purchase of a local "Check-your-weight" scale, diminutive Charley Froelich is counting his dimes and quarters. Charley's constant smile has broadened and his Teuton eyes are beaming exaggeratedly in their sockets since he received this card from said scale: "Weight, 165.—Your loving smile and winning personality make you much sought after."

"Bogy" Weyer may not have known it before, but he is now pitifully conscious of the "Hayseed" impression he makes on these small-town gals. Because he comes from Chicago he has been laboring under the grievously misguided hallucination that he just "slays" said gals with his city slicker ways. Endeavoring to dominate her with all the facility of his urban superiority complex, he was very much jolted out of his perturbing ego when one little dark-eyed maiden innocently suggested: "Why don't you comb the hay-seed out of your hair?"

"My very good friend the mail-man said" seems to be a very well-favored song of one of Collegeville's handsome young species of virility. The reason for the song's specific popularity lies in the fact that the mail man is also playing the endearing role of little Dan Cupid. But who could imagine that our little dimple-faced "Windy" (no one else save the Seniors know him by this name) is the little darling of this affair?

When a man doth slay himself with exuberance over his own verbacity, truly he is a salesman—or a charity worker. Smiling Hank Ward, charity worker for the D.M.U., so amazed himself by a "do-or-die" sales talk with a local millinery manager that he was forced into a somewhat embarrassing exit in order to give vent to an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Oh, well, he who laughs, laughs, laughs, laughs,—

Orchids to the Newman Club. Someone has said that the Newman Clubs of the even years seldom fail to surpass those of the odd years. The club of this year has done its share to add a great deal of veracity to this untraceable statement by their recent presentation of a rather difficult play. The show likewise uncovered some outstanding prospects in the field of dramatics. Your columnist has no intention of "rogering" the assignment of the club editors but only offers sincere congratulations to the Newmans on their recent success.

The scholastic year of 1935-36 has seen some very novel episodes. This we can

attribute to the vital fact that the present year's high school freshmen have apparently given more trouble to the prefects than any other freshman class in the past six years, as far as we can judge. Results show that more were dismissed from school this year than in the previous six years. But as the old saying, "bad rehearsal, good show," seldom fails, we hopefully expect this same crowd to be back here next year as law-abiding sophomores, shining examples to the freshman class of '36-'37.

In all Collegeville there is only one good old "Jib." His house of business, the College Photo Shop, is an inviting rendezvous for all home-loving young ones who enjoy listening to the tiny radio and watching Henry in his tedious labor. "Jib" has been a real success in his business, one that has evolved from a mere hobby. Now that it can scarcely be called a hobby any longer, "Jib" has found pastime in another field. He is now a "Bill-board pepper-upper," daily pasting mottoes and slogans on the various bulletin boards. We must admit that some of these are really provocative of deep thought, although many of the more sophisticated class derive more enjoyment from "Maxie's Daily Hecklers" which appear subsequently.

Once upon a time there was a very respectful young man who never did anything but over-charge Ossie Foos for ping-pong games. One day when a fellow

senior sought his advice on "How to keep on the Straight and Narrow Path," this fellow was so shocked to see what the worthy young man was reading that his reaction almost caused a pandemonium in the "Senior Residence." With the receding of the tumult another senior with some amount of composure informed those interested that the "model man of good morals" had been reading a magazine entitled "*What Is Love?*"

What is wrong with these questions?—

Who resents the reference of "bashful country lad?"

What local big shot has a way of getting his name into the COLLEGIAN by pleading: "Don't mention my name, please?"

Whose favorite phrase is: "I know I'm not good, but—?"

Where did Muresan get the moniker, "Sandy?"

Whose name is the most mutilated one on the campus?

Who has a habit of putting his chewing gum under his plate during meals?

What is Durocher's middle name?

What is there to do on Sunday nights in Rensselaer?

What has Thomas Gowney got in Latin class that Schroeder hasn't?

What kind of shoes does Trame always buy?

Whose favorite phrase is: "All's right that's en-right?"

(Why "ain't we snitchin'" on anyone in this last issue of the COLLEGIAN?)



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

It was in the last two meetings of the Columbian Literary Society that two most necessary and advantageous steps were taken. The first step was an amendment to the constitution. This change was found necessary by the moderator, Father Luckey, and the president, William Frantz. Mr. Frantz, in his "getting-things-done spirit," most emphatically put the following motion before the house: Any member of the C.L.S. who misses two or more meetings in succession or three meetings throughout the year without being excused will be dismissed from the society. This motion carried with a well emphasized "aye." Thus a most necessary amendment was added to the C.L.S. constitution.

The second step was a lengthy yet interesting discussion in which almost every member had something to say. The discussion put forth the question concerning the club's failure in presenting good public programs. It was claimed that the club has excellent talent, which was proved in its private programs, and that the club had a good director. The only fault found was that the trouble lay in the plays chosen to present. Al-

though this prolonged discussion did not end in any motion it is quite certain that such a vehement rally will cause a change for the better in the club's public programs.

The C.L.S. has completed two of its most important chapters; it has enkindled that spark of enthusiasm which we hope will continue for many years.

NEWMAN CLUB

With justifiable pride the Newman Club preluded the annual St. Patrick's day celebration with its presentation of "His Father's Son," a three act comedy, in the college auditorium, March 16. It was their last production of the year. As though cognizant of the fact that this would be their final opportunity to display their dramatic ability, the Newmanites entered upon their work with such diligence and spirit that the resulting performance was acclaimed by all to have far surpassed all previous productions. To each member of the cast the Spotlighters extend sincere praise for their interpretations of the various roles. Father Luckey also deserves generous praise for the splendid selection of the cast and for his excellent work in directing the play.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

CAST

Nathan Doyle, reporter Fred Hanpeter
Douglas Doyle, his son Julius Thurin
Hiram McBinney Paul Monastyrski
Jerry McBinney, his son
Edward Homco
Lancello Griffith, reporter
Edward Burrell
Jim O'Callahan, city editor
James Hinton
Timothy Glenn, office boy
Lawrence Moriarty
Philip Crane, headmaster of Maplehurst
Norbert Schwieterman
Harrison Fiske, his assistant
Joseph Voors
Juniors at Maplehurst: Edward Mander-
bach, George Sheehan, Benedict Staudt,
William Flannigan, Francis Hodous.

THE STORY

The theme of the story is based on a father's pride, which prevents him from withdrawing his son, Douglas, from college despite financial restrictions. Perturbed over his father's failure to correspond, Douglas finally locates him and upon learning of his poverty is determined to go to work to help in his father's maintenance. A victim of circumstances, Douglas has unknowingly become involved in the theft of an examination copy. While he is willing to carry the blame for the theft, a delegation of his fellow classmates arrive at the Doyle home to inform him that his innocence has been established. Disregarding their earnest pleas that he return to college to resume a highly successful athletic and scholastic career, Douglas is determined that he and his father shall together battle the problems of life.

Julius Thurin flawlessly portrayed

the character of the faithful son. His interpretation of the ideal college student accounted much for the success of the play. An equally difficult part was aptly carried by Fred Hanpeter. Suavity of manner, calmness of expression, and sincerity of feeling characterized perfectly the actions of the fond parent. Paul Monastyrski, benefactor of both father and son, was the very epitome of our conception of a true friend. A unique portrayal of the difficult character of the crippled son won deserved praise for Edward Homco. The task of affording humorous situations fell into the capable hands of Edward Burrell and Lawrence Moriarty. Although the remaining characters were minor, each of their excellent portrayals was indispensable in making the story the truly enjoyable one it was.

The Newmanites may well feel proud of their success; their achievement is one which will serve as a challenge and a goal to next year's high school seniors. We hope the ovation they received for this performance will be repeated in the plays in which they participate as members of the C.L.S.



RALEIGH CLUB

One would be inclined to think that the Raleigh Club must have been a terribly inadequate recreation center at the beginning of the scholastic year when he reflects on the manifold changes which have taken place during the succeeding months. There seems to be no end to the innovations which are constantly being introduced by the Reverend Moderator, Fr. Fehrenbacher, and the Club officers. The most recent change has been in the pool room where the tables

SPOT LIGHT

were recently rearranged to make room for another ping-pong table necessitated by the newly-formed Paddle Club, a subsidiary of the Raleigh Club, organized to provide more extensive facilities to the table tennis enthusiasts. Furthermore, plans are now under way to remodel a pool table into a "snooker table." For their interest in making the Raleigh Club a more enjoyable abode of rest and recreation we must admire the enthusiasm of those responsible for the changes.

Highly entertaining was the much procrastinated program presented on March 8. With Timothy Doody as master of ceremonies and with George Muresan's Vagabonds supplying the music, the program could be nothing other than successful. Several novelty features by various club members made the program thoroughly enjoyable.

After a number of elimination rounds had been played in the pool tournament Earl Foos and James Pequignot emerged as the "survivals of the fittest." Earl Foos was the victor in the final match. The "slop" tournament, an affair requiring more luck than skill, was won by "Torchy" Ottenweller. Ping-pong, the final tournament, is now in progress, and

due to the large number of experienced players who entered it, promises to yield many a good match.



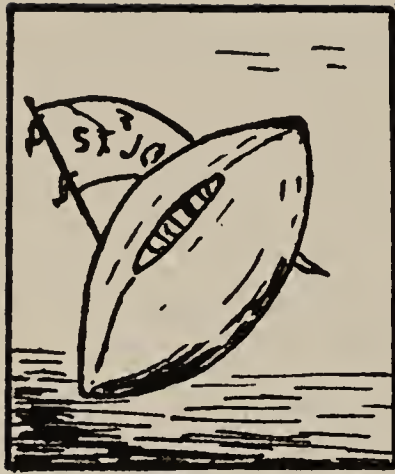
DWENGER MISSION UNIT

With the approach of the annual Mission Festival the Dwenger Mission Unit is deep in the throes of ardent labor which, it seems, is destined to produce unparalleled results. The meetings are marked by large attendances and interesting discussions on ways and means of making this year's festival the most successful one the Unit has ever known. Various committees have been appointed in order to bring about an equal division of labor. The request for volunteers was readily answered by quite a number, but there are a few positions yet unfilled.

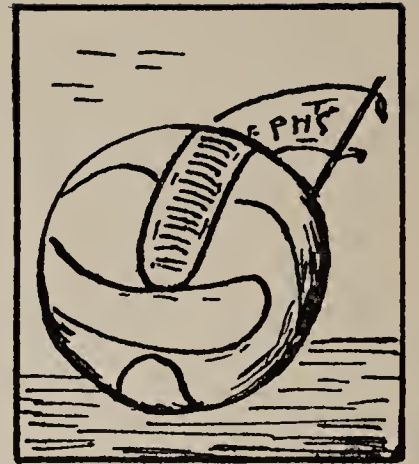
The raffle which is to be held in connection with the festival promises to be a large one. The town merchants and the campus clubs and societies have responded most generously to the plea for donations. There is, however, no grand prize as yet.

At this stage of development the outlook is very bright. Now let's get behind this festival, fellows, and with a willing shoulder and a helping hand we'll make it go over with a bang.





SPORTS



Gallagher Routs St. Joe 42-31

Huge Gym Too Much For Cards

In the last basketball contest of the current year away from home St. Joe's Cards, because they could not adapt their style of play to the huge Gallagher court, were beaten in a game replete with thrilling bursts of offensive strength. St. Joe cleverly forged into an early lead over the powerful Illinois team by hooking in near-basket pointers, but later in the fray their play degenerated into a mediocre fast breaking game that quickly used their energy. Although St. Joe threatened at times, Gallagher held tenaciously to the lead as its crew of six-footers kept the net sizzling with dazzling circus shots. Stunned by the Illinois Business Men's display of shooting ability, St. Joe could never during the entire encounter catch the spirit and fire that has dominated their late-season array of victories.

Both teams were cautious as the game began, but the Cards quickly jumped into the lead, dumping in fielders to the gay tune of 11-6. Not at all disheartened by the Cardinal assault, Graft lead the Gallagher counter-attack that hewed the

St. Joe lead to nothing at all. The Gallagher five became increasingly effective, passing and shooting with accuracy to lead the Cards 18-13 at half time.

Trying doggedly to outscore the Illinois men, the Saints gave all they had in the final period. They played rugged, aggressive basketball, scoring with great effort against the tight defense of the Gallagher five, only to have their counters reduced to nothing by the wildly whirling baskets of their opponents. Behind 28-18, St. Joe, lead by flashy "Dick" Scharf and "Barney" Badke, slipped into a semblance of their stride to climb within three points of the Gallagher team, but tired from this burst of power, they slumped and were behind 42-31 at the close of the fracas.

"Dick" Scharf, holding to his fast, late-season pace, and "Barney" Badke dominated the Cardinal point getting, while Graft and Anderson claimed honors in the scoring for Gallagher Business College.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph's, 31.

	B	F	P
Scharf f	4	2	0
Hatton f	0	1	1
Moran f	1	2	0
Ottenweller c	2	1	1
Badke g	3	3	2
Van Nevel g	0	0	3
McCarthy g	1	0	1
Totals	11	9	8

Gallagher, 42.

	B	F	P
Graft f	8	1	0
Anderson f	6	0	4
Schipper c	2	0	0
Morgan c	0	0	1
Richards g	0	0	3
Kerr g	3	3	1
Totals	19	4	9

Referee: Henckle; Umpire: Pombert.

St. Joe Triumphs Over Concordia 25-21

Scharf Leads Scoring For Cardinals

Surging above an early disadvantage, St. Joe trounced Concordia College in true Cardinal form to add another victory to its late season splurge. The Cards made it three in a row on the home court as they rifled in baskets at needed moments to emerge victorious. The game, made rather dull by the use of the zone defense, was featured by Jenkins' sensational swishers from side-court and Scharf's driving breaks for under-basket goals. The Concordia Cadets, weak on defense, gave St. Joe opportunity to use its offense effectively, but in the early stages of the encounter the Cards missed heart-breaking shots to keep their score low. Time and again Concordia threatened on deadly long shots, but after the Badke, Scharf, Van Nevel combination started clicking, the outcome was no longer in doubt.

The basket seemed to be smirking at St. Joe in the first portion of the encounter, and almost instantly the Cards were on the wrong end of an 8-0 count as Jenkins jollied the drapes again and again for Concordia from sidecourt. At this point the Cardinals showed that they were in the fray: "Red" Van Nevel whirled through the entire Cadet five

to give St. Joe its first goal of the evening on a splendid one-handed attempt. Scharf and Ottenweller added counters to heap up the Saints' total while Hatton and Badke were keeping the Cardinal basket clear of invaders. With decided courage and fight St. Joe started from scratch to build up a 14-12 advantage at half time.

It was nip and tuck through the first section of the second half as Concordia matched St. Joe's under-basket shots with beautiful throws from the field. Meyer and Tormoehlen each tucked away goals for Concordia to open the half; Van Nevel and Scharf evened the count on charity tosses. Score 16-17. Then, "Barney" Badke broke loose and filed in a pair of one-handed efforts from the foul circle, and "Dick" Scharf put away some honeys to put the game on ice.

Although St. Joe's offense was not at all sensational, its defense was so rugged that it checkmated every attempt of the Cadets to slip in short shots. Because the Concordia quintet had to rely on perilous shots from the court they were on the low end of the 25-21 count as the encounter ended.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Concordia, 21.

	B	F	P
Schmedler f	1	0	0
Jenkins f	4	0	2
Baum f	0	0	0
Tormoehlen c	2	0	1
Foanty c	1	0	0
Toelke g	0	0	4
Saurteig g	1	0	0
Meyer g	0	3	3
Totals	9	3	10

St. Joseph's, 25.

	B	F	P
Scharf f	5	5	0
Hatton f	0	0	0
McCarthy f	0	0	0
Ottenweller c	1	1	0
Badke g	2	0	1
Van Nevel g	1	1	1
Totals	9	7	2
Umpire: Allen. Referee: Guild;			

St. Joe Topples Notre Dame B Team, 30-23
Cards End Season With Classic Game

In a history-making thriller, St. Joe defeated a powerful and classy Notre Dame B team by a score of 30-23. Thus did the Cardinals totally obliterate a lean schedule of victories by dramatically ending their 1935-36 season in a classic style that will not be forgotten by those who had the opportunity of witnessing this fiercely contested game.

After both teams had battled every step of the way in the first period to two standstills, 6-6 and 9-9, Dick Scharf and Al Van Nevel set the stage for the flying finish of the first half by putting in two tricky underneath-the-basket shots. From this time on, an inspired Cardinal team took matters into their own hands. The Notre Dame team was forced to fight against the inevitable; St. Joe could not be stopped.

The screaming fans went into a frenzy as the Cardinal quintet, working as perfectly as a watch, dropped in basket after basket to gain valuable ground and place themselves far out in front. The half gun checked one of the greatest rallies ever performed on the home floor. During this brilliant rally St. Joe held Notre Dame scoreless and piled up a 22-9 advantage.

As all Notre Dame teams are known for their indomitable fighting spirit, the B team, by no means an exception, came back in the second half, determined to vindicate its loss of the first period of the game. They found, however, a tenacious Cardinal team that would not relinquish a lead so valiantly and inspiringly earned. St. Joe, exhibiting a zone defense that checked every one of Notre Dame's fast breaks, soon changed the Irish's views on seeking points. Notre Dame then began their search for counters by shooting longs. A number of the attempts found their mark, but not enough to keep up with the Cardinals' terrific pace.

The two teams battling up and down the floor, displaying brilliance on the offensive and art on the defensive, gave the crowd what they had been looking for all season: a real basketball game!

Dick Scharf, protagonist of the night's victory, played the role of Houdini, sinking baskets in a magical style that thrilled the spectators. He rang up a total of fourteen points—seven field goals. "Barney" Badke, playing a stellar game, registered two field goals and

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three free throws for a total of seven points. "Al" Van Nevel and "Torchy" Ottenweller, both seniors, were important cogs in the winning machine. Playing their last game for the Cardinal quintet, "Al" and "Torchy" performed in admirable fashion; they can hang up their suits with satisfaction.

St. Joseph's 30.

	B	F	P
Scharf f	7	0	1
Hatton f	0	1	1
Moran f	1	0	0
Ottenweller c	0	1	3
Badke g	2	3	3

Van Nevel g	2	1	2
McCarthy g	0	0	0
Totals	12	6	10

Notre Dame "B", 23.

	B	F	P
Carson f	0	1	3
Smith f	2	0	1
O'Connor f	3	2	1
Shields c	0	0	2
Moritz c	0	3	1
Bonner g	1	0	3
Borowski g	0	1	1
Conrad g	2	0	0
Totals	8	7	12
Referee: Allen; Umpire: Voinoff.			

St. Joe High Loses to Rensselaer

A and B Teams Defeated, 21-12, 20-16

Both the first and second teams of the St. Joe High School varsity suffered defeats at the hands of Rensselaer High in two valiantly contested games at the Rensselaer Armory by scores of 21-12 and 20-16.

A large crowd of college students and Rensselaer fans witnessed the game between the new rivals. The emblem of victory, a tomahawk, donated by Brother Cletus, is now in possession of Rensselaer High School. With the intense rivalry that now exists between these two schools, it can easily be predicted that this trophy will change hands many times in future years.

After breaking down the four point lead piled up by the Cards in the first quarter, the Rensselaer Indians began to rush along to make up the disadvantage. A field goal and a gift shot by Hanpeter, and a basket by Manderbach summed up St. Joe's five points. A lone charity toss by Wilcox was the Indians' tally in the first period.

In the second quarter St. Joe was held scoreless. At the opening of the period, Wilcox converted his two attempts from the charity stripe and was quickly followed by Kurtz's underneath-the-basket shot to deadlock the score at five up. Just before the half gun sounded, Overton came through on a fast break to place Rensselaer in the lead 7-5.

The Indians continued to register the greater number of points after the intermission. Wilcox made good his free throw received on Petit's personal. A clever shot from the side by Bausman followed. Wilcox then broke into the scoring column again when he dropped in a counter on a rebound. St. Joe chalked up a point on Doyle's conversion, but Bausman retaliated for the Indians by flipping one in from the side-court. Hanpeter ended the scoring for the third quarter when he dribbled through center to make good his attempt. The score stood 14-8; Rensselaer's lead.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

St. Joe remained on the small end of scoring points in the last quarter. The Indians hit the hoop for three more goals and a free throw in this period while the Cards collected two fielders. Kurtz connected two shots from the side, and Morton dumped in a goal from the mid-court and a free throw for Rensselaer. The Cardinals' two field goals came via a fast break by Hanpeter which was followed in rapid succession by a neatly executed pivot shot by Petit.

In the preliminary game between the two B teams, St. Joe outplayed the Indians but had tough breaks on their shots. Sowar and the Eder twins showed up best for the Cardinals in the preliminary.

St. Joseph's High, 12.

	B	F	P
Manderbach f	1	0	1
Hanpeter f	2	1	1
Petit c	2	0	3
Moorman c	0	0	3
McGraw g	0	0	0
Thurin g	0	0	0
Doyle g	0	1	1
Totals	5	2	9

Rensselaer High, 21.	B	F	P
Bausman f	2	0	1
Taylo f	0	0	0
Kurtz f	3	0	1
Wilcox c	1	5	0
Rowen c	0	0	0
Overton g	1	0	1
Smith g	0	0	1
Morton g	1	0	1

Totals	8	5	5
Referee: Guild; Umpire: Allen.			

St. Joseph B Team, 16.	B	F	P
H. Eder f	2	1	2
J. Eder f	0	0	2
Voors c	0	1	2
Sowar g	2	1	1
Doyle g	0	0	0
Murphy g	1	1	1
Bubala g	1	0	3

Totals	6	4	11
Rensselaer High B Team, 20.			

	B	F	P
Long f	2	1	1
Shirer f	0	0	0
Waymire f	3	0	1
Nesbitt c	1	1	2
Bowman g	0	3	2
Beaver g	1	1	1

Totals	7	6	7
Referee: Allen; Umpire: Guild.			

Seniors Down High School 35-24
Intramural Champs Gain Easy Victory

In the preliminary contest of the St. Joe - Notre Dame game, the Senior class intramural team won an easy victory over the varsity high school squad. With systematized maneuvering, the class of '36 found the basket easily accessible and rang up a total of thirty-five points to the High School's twenty-four.

The first half of the contest was entirely in the hands of the intramurals. Taking advantage of every opportunity

to score, the Seniors were way out in front at the half time with a thirteen to three tally. In the last two periods the High School revived a semblance of their fighting spirit and began to exhibit spasmodic spurts of power. The determined Seniors, however, were quick to check the attacks in their bud, and no serious results were forthcoming.

Froelich and Bubala were the leading performers for the Blue and Gold. Dropping in seven and four field goals respec-

SPORTS

tively, they chalked up the majority of the Seniors' points.

Honors for the best individual performances on the High School quintet went to Moorman and Petit, who stalwartly championed the Junior Cardinals' cause by piercing the net for six counters.

St. Joseph's High, 24.

	B	F	P
Manderbach g	0	0	0
McGraw f	0	1	0
Voors g	2	1	1
Doyle g	0	0	0
Moorman c	3	0	1
Petit c	3	0	1
Hanpeter f	1	1	1

Sowar f	0	0	1
Thurin f	0	0	0
Murphy g	1	1	1
Eder, Jay	0	0	0
Eder f	0	0	0
Totals	10	4	6

Sixth Year (Senior League Champs), 35.			
Stack f	3	0	1
Smolar f	2	0	0
Bubala c	4	0	1
Froelich g	7	1	0
Hoevel g	0	0	0
Zimmerman g	1	0	2
Totals	17	1	5
Referee: Andres; Umpire: Jones.			

Intramural Sports

College Division

The intramural quintet of the class of '36 ended its last season of basketball on the college floor by coming through with a perfect record of seven wins and no losses. This is the second championship team that the Blue and Gold has produced during this scholastic year. The Seniors have not lost a game in either basketball or football to any opponent that they have encountered on the court or on the gridiron this season. Winning all of their contests by decisive scores, their right to the laurels cannot be denied. Bubala, Zimmerman, Stack, Froelich, Smolar and Hoevel were the stellar performers who captured the honors for the Blue and Gold on the court.

The fifth year team, the only quintet that proved to be a menace to the conquering Seniors, fought many fiercely contested games to gain second place in the college intramural league. The power of the fifth year machine was furnished by Thompson, Pequignot, Jones, Hutter, Gaertner and Kolanski.

High School Division

A post season game decided the championship of the high school division of the intramural league. The Thirds and the Seconds had to battle out a first place tie to determine who was to rule as champs. The third year team won by a score of 26-12 and decisively clinched the title.

Competition in the high school division was very strong. Before winning the title of the league, the Thirds, coached by "Barney" Badke, had to fight many formidable contests that were not decided until the last few seconds of play. Outstanding on the victorious team were: Moegling, Menger, Lesch, Brunner, Krill and Weber.

The high school freshman team, coached by Dick Scharf and Al Van Nevel, ranked second in the high school division. Scorned at the opening of the season as a cellar team, the freshies turned out to be the sensations of the season. Playing against teams that were classed as their superiors, they pulled many

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

surprises and won six games out of eight in admirable fashion. Their road to second place, however, was no easy one. Their games were won by their fighting spirit. They played a number of overtime contests, one a double overtime game

in which they defeated the Thirds, the champs of the league. The praiseworthy success of the first year team is due to the playing of the following: McNamara, Flittner, Ormsby, Paul Kochis, Tyber, Boyle and Payne.

Intramural League Standing

College Division			High School Division		
	W	L		W	L
Sixth Year	7	0	Third Year	6	1
Fifth Year	3	2	First Year	6	2
Fourth Year	1	4	Fourth Year	2	4
Third Year	1	6	Second Year	0	7

Cardinal Baseball Team Faces Tough Card

Prefacing an arduous baseball campaign, Coach De Cook has been putting his baseball timber through its preliminary paces. About the campus local diamond fans are still thrilling to the brilliant conquest of 1935 with its perfect record of seven victories and no defeats. The Cardinal team of 1936 is determined to duplicate this feat, but they must fight like demons to keep head and shoulders above the impressive schedule that has been arranged for them. The schedule reads:

Central Normal—April 24, here.
Joliet Junior—May 3, here.
Manchester—May 20th, here.
Huntington—May 14, here.
Joliet Junior—May 23, there.

The Cards have suffered heavily by graduation, six of last year's nine not being in uniform this year. Ed Hession, pitcher-out-fielder who hit in the pinches; lanky Len Kostka, master of the hot corner; Bill Hartlage and George LaNoue, the perfect double play combination at second and short; slugging John Samis at centerfield; and Gus Wolf, chattering

behind the bat, were cogs in the Cardinal machine that will be hard to replace. Coach De Cook, however, has potential power in some of the rookies he is grooming to fill the positions vacated by these stars of yesteryear.

Norb Dreiling, stellar hurler of last year's squad, will be on the mound mowing down opposing batsmen, aided by Hank Leugers and Bob Hoevel in the relief roles. Joe Smolar is back at first scooping them up with Bubala, Froelich and Scharf who are expected to round out the infield. Although Mr. DeCook has Paul Weaver, veteran of 1934, back in the rightfield garden, he is experiencing some difficulty in finding suitable material to fill the other outfield berths. With Cy Gaffney and Gus Wolf out of the lineup, the backstop position is a toss-up among Beckman, Badke and Jones, the leading contenders.

Even though the strength of the 1935 squad has been impaired materially by graduation, the Sports Department predicts that the season will be a success if the team plays with characteristic fighting courage and will to win.



HUMOR



Thompson (seeking a job): "There's a lot of push and go in me. I'd like to show you—"

Business Man: "That's fine. See that door over there? It opens outward. Now try your push on that and demonstrate your go outside."

Land Lady (hacking at a tough piece of pie): "My husband was a wonderful artist. He used to say my cooking was an inspiration to him."

Tippman (the boarder, viewing bent fork): "A sculptor, I presume."

Bensman: "How was it you came to fall in?"

Grevencamp: "I didn't come to fall in at all. I come to fish."

Pachowiak: "I certainly do not approve of kissing on the stage."

B. Shank: "Not to change the subject, but whose picture is that?"

Pachowiak: "Oh, that is a picture of a girl with whom I went to school. I played opposite her in our senior class play."

B. Shank: "Did you kiss her on the stage?"

Pachowiak: "Oh no, not on the stage."

B. Shank: "Why Michael, you're blushing."

Knapp: "Doctor, what shall I take to get rid of the redness of my nose?"

Doctor: "Take nothing — especially between meals."

McGraw: "What is bankruptcy?"

Steininger: "Bankruptcy, my boy, is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."

Boyle (first trip to the farm): "Oh, look at the little cowlets, uncle."

Uncle (viewing the herd of calves): "Oh, no, Dick, them is bullets."

"I 'avent 'ad a bite for days, said the tramp to the landlady of the "George and Dragon." "D'yer think you could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady. "Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What do you want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'av a few words with George?" queried the tramp.

Flannigan: "What is indigestion?"

Manderbach: "I guess it's the failure to adjust a square meal to a round stomach."

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"Captain January"

Apr. 22 - 23
FAY WRAY
RALPH BELLAMY
- in -
"Roaming Lady"

Apr. 26 - 27 - 28
"Captain Blood"

May. 3 - 4 - 5
JAMES CAGNEY
- in -
"Ceiling Zero"

Ritz

Apr. 19 - 20 - 21 -
JOE PENNER
- in -
"Collegiate"

Apr. 22 - 23
MARLENE DIETRICH
GARY COOPER
- in -
"Desire"

Apr. 26 - 27 - 28
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Opponent: "Yes, but you won't have to walk back."

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Johnson: "They laughed when I walked over to the piano, but they were right; I couldn't lift it."

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Woody Moore: "I heard your sister speaks Esperanto. Does she speak it fluently?"

Hutter: "Just like a native."

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Gzybowski: "I really enjoyed my trip in Europe."

Schroeder: "Well, how do the foreign dishes compare to English ones?"

Gzybowski: "Oh, they break just as easy as do English ones."

Charles Halleck
Abraham Halleck

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Traffic Officer: "What's the matter with you?"

Driver: "I'm all right, thanks, but my engine's dead."

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Father: "Hard work never harmed anybody."

Kuebler: "I know that Dad. That's why I want to engage in something that has a spice of danger in it."

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GOOD THINGS

Fresh from the Oven

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Muldoon (at City Light office):
"Please sir, I think you're wanted on the phone."

City Light Official: "You think! What's the good of thinking?"

Muldoon: "Well, the voice said. 'Hello, is that you, you old idiot?'"



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Van Nevel: "When I was in China, I saw them hang a girl."

Muresan: "Shanghai?"

Van Nevel: "Yes, six feet off the ground."

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Blackwell: "That's all right. Knock it off next time."

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Bright College Lad: "Tell them that people under seventeen are not admitted."

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